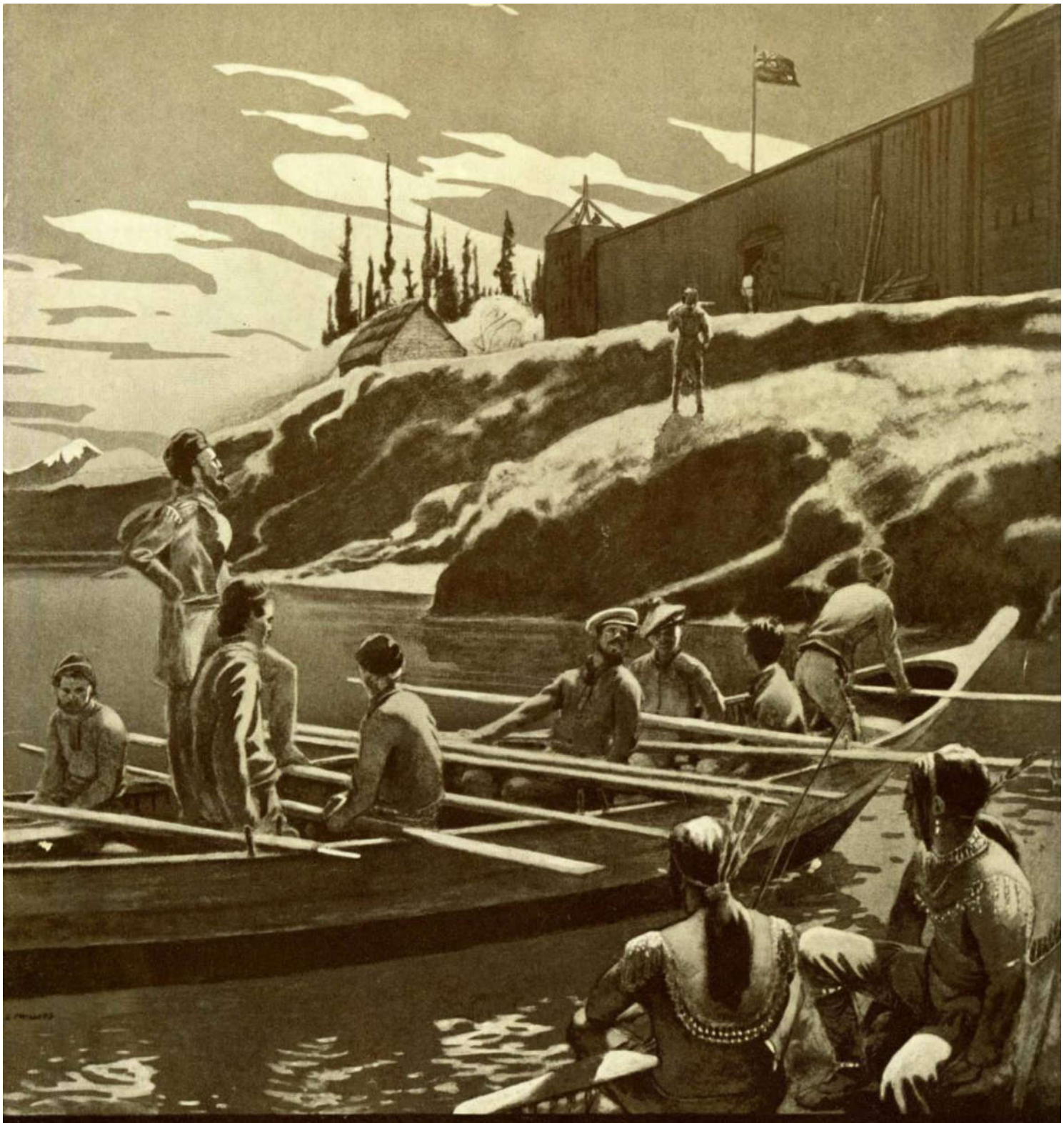

The Beaver

A MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY Hudson's Bay Company. INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670 OUTFIT 278 JUNE 1947

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ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY

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INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

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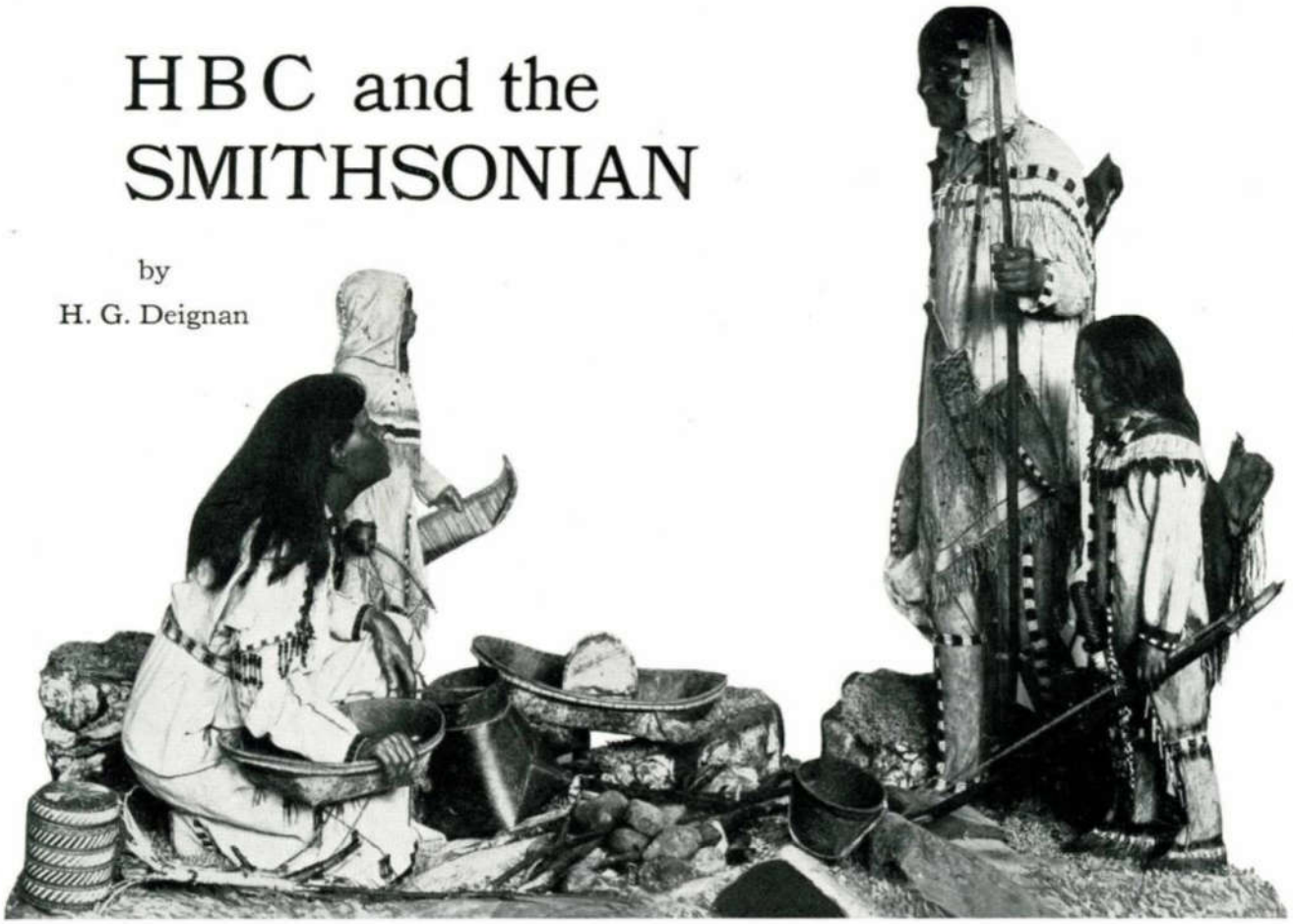
HBC and the SMITHSONIAN

by
H. G. Deignan



Loucheux Indian family group in the Smithsonian Institution, designed by Dr. W. H. Holmes for the World's Columbian Exposition of 1892-3 at Chicago. The costumes were collected by Chief Trader Bernard Rogan Ross and Chief Factor Roderick MacFarlane.

IT is probably safe to say that no investigations of the natural history of the north country have been prosecuted during the past two centuries without the active encouragement and assistance of the Hudson's Bay Company. But in addition to the aid given travellers from outside, an extraordinary contribution has been made throughout much of the Company's history by its own servants. Writing in 1831, Dr. (later Sir) John Richardson, naturalist with Sir John Franklin's two expeditions, correctly observed that "Science is indebted to the exertions of the Hudson's Bay Company for almost all that is known of the Ornithology of the American Fur-countries," and for "Ornithology" he might well have substituted "Natural History."

There are two separate periods distinguished by unusual activity in these fields. The first seems to have begun with collections of birds from Hudson's Bay made by Alexander Light, and described in Mr. Baillies article in the December 1946 *Beaver*. In 1768, Andrew Graham, Governor of the Company's post at Severn River, transmitted to the Royal Society, through the agency of William Wales, who had gone to Hudson's Bay to observe the transit of Venus, a collection of mammals, birds, and fishes. These were described by John Reinhold Forster in 1772 and so aroused the interest of the scientific world that, at the suggestion of the Royal Society, directions were given by the Governor and Committee of the Hudson's Bay Company that objects of natural history should be annually sent to England. Humphrey Marten accordingly sent home several hundred specimens of animals and plants from the vicinity of Fort Albany, of which he was governor; and Thomas Hutchins, who succeeded him in that position, was still more industrious, for he not only prepared large numbers of specimens, but also drew up minute descriptions of all the mammals and birds he could obtain and added their native names, as well as information on their nidification, food, and habits. Some forty years after his death in 1790, his name was commemorated in *Anser hutchinsii* by Richardson, in recognition of the fact that he had been the first to call attention to this small goose.[1]

While there is no evidence that the orders of the Hudson's Bay Company in 1772 were beneficial to science through the medium of the Royal Society, yet they made known to residents of the North the value set in England upon the natural productions of their region, and collections, chiefly of birds, continued to be transmitted to London for many years, as presents either to the Governor and Committee or to personal friends of the collectors. The former, besides setting up a Company museum,[2] presented many specimens to the British Museum and the Zoological Society of London.

1. Hutchins' goose is now considered a species in its own right, though in colour it closely resembles the Canada goose.—H. G. D.
2. This museum is referred to in Swainson & Richardson's *Fauna Boreali-Americana* of 1821, p. xii, as being "liberally open to the public."—H. G. D.

CIRCULAR

TO

OFFICERS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

THE Smithsonian Institution has been engaged for several years in the prosecution of researches relative to the climatology and natural history of the continent of North America. For this purpose the voluntary services of a large body of intelligent correspondents, distributed throughout the entire territory of the United States, have been secured, from whom records of changes of the weather, and other phenomena, with facts and specimens in natural history of much interest, have been obtained.

The observations thus accumulated have been reduced, and the results will shortly be published, both in tabular form and on maps, illustrating the lines of equal temperature: of rain at different points: the mean direction and intensity of the wind: the character of the land, whether forest or prairie, fertile or barren: the distribution of various animals and vegetables, etc. Reports have been issued, or are in preparation, embodying detailed monographic descriptions of the Algæ, the forest trees, the Vertebrata, insects, Mollusca, Crustacea, &c., of the continent; and efforts made generally to furnish a full and perfect account of its natural and physical history.

In the prosecution of these researches, a serious obstacle has been experienced in the lack of sufficient data from the region north of the boundary line of the United States, especially from its more northern portion. The isolated observations and collections, which have from time to time been received, have proved of great interest and importance; but the Institution now desires

3

The first page of the instructions printed by the Smithsonian for the collection and care of specimens. Page 5 carries a message to the Comp ny officers from Sir George Simpson. Reproduced from the rare copy recently presented to the Company by the Smithsonian.

The second great period of activity in natural history began in 1859, with the arrival in the North of Robert Kennicott, the remarkable naturalist whose story has been related in these pages by Dr. Grace Lee Nute (*The Beaver*, September 1943). Between 1859 and 1869, owing to Kennicott's influence, which persisted among his friends for years after his untimely death in 1866, the Smithsonian Institution in Washington was the recipient of a wealth of materials in ethnography, natural history, and meteorological observations which laid the groundwork for all our modern scientific knowledge of the American Arctic and Subarctic regions.

So enthusiastic were Kennicott's first reports of his reception by the servants of the Company and of the interest evinced by them in his objectives, that, on April 20, 1860, the Smithsonian Institution issued, as a special number of its Miscellaneous Collections, a four-page circular for the particular benefit of the officers of the Hudson's Bay Company, indicating to them the types of information needed on meteorology and animal life. This pamphlet was to accompany a package of blank registers, and was supplemented by detailed instructions for the collection of various classes of natural history material. The circular seems now to be a bibliographical rarity.

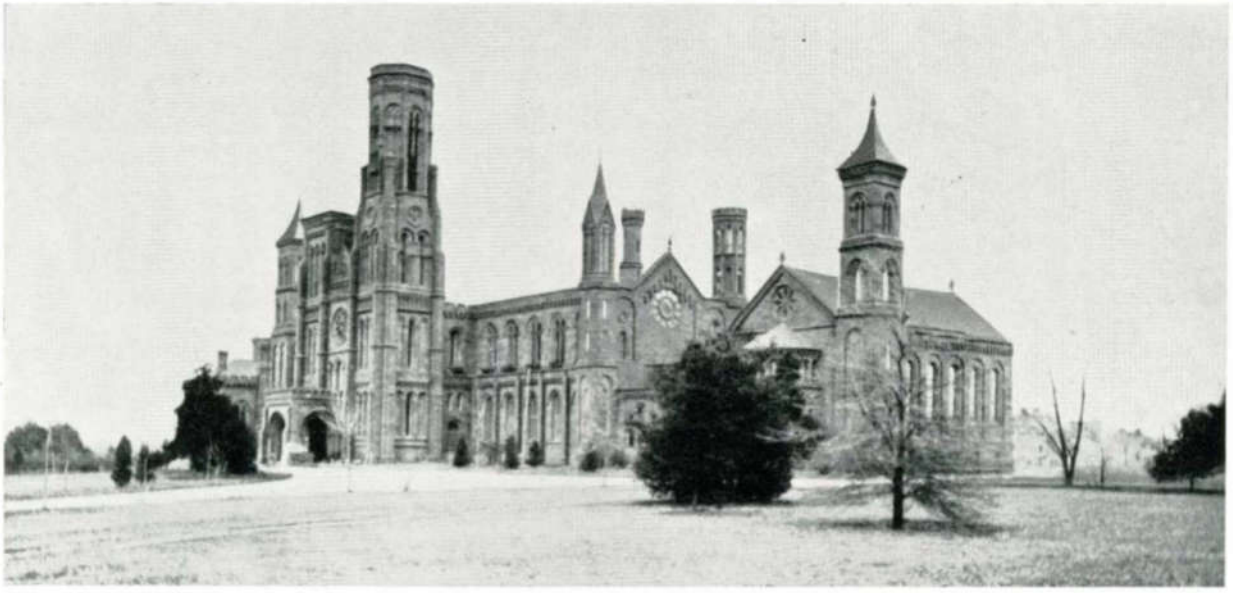
Accompanying Kennicott's despatches to the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution was a letter, dated November 30, 1859, from Bernard Rogan Ross, Kennicott's host at Fort Simpson during the winter of 1859-1860, in which the co-operative attitude of the Company's officers is clearly shown:

"At the period of the departure of our usual winter express I sit down to write you a few lines upon the subjects mentioned in your communication of the 2nd of April, 1859. I trust that the various cases sent you last summer from Portage La Loche reached you in safety, and that the contents proved satisfactory and of interest. It will be my endeavor during the present and succeeding seasons to collect the animals mentioned as being wished for by the Smithsonian Institution, but I will not merely restrict myself to these particular objects of research, the whole field of either science or curiosity will be considered in all contributions which I may hereafter forward to your collection.

"The Meteorological Register for the months of September, October, and November, will be forwarded by this conveyance, and I will endeavor to organize a systematic series of observations at all the posts throughout this district. These of course will vary as to completeness and accuracy according to the tastes and acquirements of the officer who conducts the registry, as there are very wide differences in the education and talents of the various persons in the progressive grades of our service. A series of spirit thermometers of assured correctness would be useful, in fact are absolutely necessary for this purpose.

"As my attention will hereafter be particularly directed to ethnological pursuits; and my public duties in conducting the affairs of this large district are not very light, it will be impossible to keep the regular series of meteorological observations here

Loucheux hood, similar to those shown in the family group. These are presumably worn as a protection against mosquitoes.



The Smithsonian Institution building in 1866.

myself, but I will delegate this duty to Mr. Andrew Flett, a very careful and intelligent person . . . .; but any extraordinary phenomena I will note myself in addition.

"By the usual summer boats a packet will be forwarded to your address, containing such observations as I can collect in our journals, and a complete Auroral and Weather Register taken by myself for Colonel Lefroy in 1850-'51, if I can find the latter.

"In conclusion I will merely say that all that lies in my power will be done to oblige you in any way. Every facility will be given to Mr. R. Kennicott to collect and forward specimens of natural history; free passage will be allowed him from post to post throughout the district, and to all his plans the various officers under my command will, I am sure, gladly render assistance."

Kennicott was accompanied on his first visit to the North by Charles A. Hubbard, of Milwaukee, Wisconsin; the latter left him at Lake Winnipeg and went on to the Red River Settlement for a meeting with Sir George Simpson, who had already offered full co-operation to the young men in their researches. Hubbard met here also Donald Gunn, who, as early as 1857, had despatched the first of what was to be a long series of sendings of skins, eggs, specimens in alcohol, and skeletons, chiefly from the neighbourhood of the Selkirk Settlement, to the Smithsonian.

Upon his return to his home in the autumn of 1859, Hubbard brought with him, as agent for Gunn, "a number of birds and of specimens in alcohol," for transmittal to Washington. Gunn was the author of "Notes of an Egging Expedition to Shoal Lake, west of Lake Winnipeg," which was published in the Smithsonian Institution's Annual Report for 1867-68, pp. 427-432. Elsewhere in the same report, reference to this paper is made, with the comment that it "will, we doubt not, be read with interest, if only as the production of a man who has spent his life far removed from the centres of refined civilization."

In 1860, Constantin Drexler was sent by the Institution to make an exploration in the region of James Bay, and again the Hudson's Bay Company was liberal with assistance. "He was enabled to collect a large number of valuable specimens through the facilities afforded him, and these were sent from Moose Factory to London, at the expense of the company; and thence to this country by the Cunard steamers, free of charge . . . "

During this year, meteorological schedules and extensive collections poured into Washington from all parts of northwestern Canada. "Nearly all the gentlemen in charge of different posts have undertaken to make observations in meteorology for the Institution (for which purpose Mr. Kennicott carried with him blank registers, thermometers, &c.,) as well as collections of such objects of natural history as he might not succeed in securing himself." Among those to whom Kennicott professed himself particularly indebted for assistance were Laurence Clarke, Jr., John Reid, Alexander McKenzie, Roderick R. MacFarlane, and W. L. Hardisty.

Chief Trader Ross, meanwhile, had conceived and instituted an ambitious project of his own, independent of that of Kennicott. In co-operation with the officers of the posts under his jurisdiction, he organized a special exploration of the Mackenzie River District, embracing full observations upon climatology and periodical phenomena, and the gathering of collections to illustrate its natural history, ethnology, etc. Among the first fruits of this undertaking were mentioned "skins of the Rocky Mountain goat, Arctic reindeer, Barren Ground bear, Hare-Indian dog, &c.; skeletons of goat, reindeer, wolverene, skins of various fishes, as *Thymallus*, *Salmo Mackenzii*, &c.; Esquimaux and Indian curiosities, with many other objects of equal interest."

In 1861, owing to difficulties of transport, almost no specimens were received from Kennicott himself, who was working in the basin of the Yukon River; the most important acquisitions of the museum came from the Company's officers. Ross's private explorations continued with enthusiasm, and extensive series of mammals, birds, fishes, and insects continued to arrive from him. He also deposited some relics of Sir John Franklin, including a gun used by him in

his first expedition, and a sword belonging to the second expedition and obtained from the Eskimos. He had been personally engaged upon a series of investigations of the northern tribes, to be published whenever sufficiently complete, and illustrated by "photographic drawings." New names appearing in the list of those helping him were Julian S. Onion [Camsell], Nicol Taylor, C. P. Gaudet, A. Beaulieu, and James Flett.

Second in magnitude only to those of Ross were the collections of Laurence Clarke, who was stationed in 1861 at Fort Rae on Great Slave Lake. His contributions included mammals, nearly complete sets of the waterfowl and other birds of the northern arm of the lake, and the eggs of many of them, including such rarities as those of the black-throated loon and the trumpeter swan. Other, smaller lots came from Joseph Gladman of Rupert's House, James Anderson of Mingan, George Barnston of Michipicoten, on the north shore of Lake Superior, and Henry Connolly of Rigolet.

By this time Kennicott's official explorations for the museum had developed far beyond the original plan of the Smithsonian and its coadjutors, the University of Michigan, the Chicago Academy of Natural Sciences, and the Audubon Club of the same city. This had been made possible first, by the encouragement of the Hudson's Bay Company, and second, by its continued liberality. Without the operation of this latter factor, the funds available in the United States would have been long since exhausted. "Wherever the rules of the company would admit, no charge has been made for transportation of Mr. Kennicott and his supplies and collections, and he has been entertained as a guest wherever he has gone."

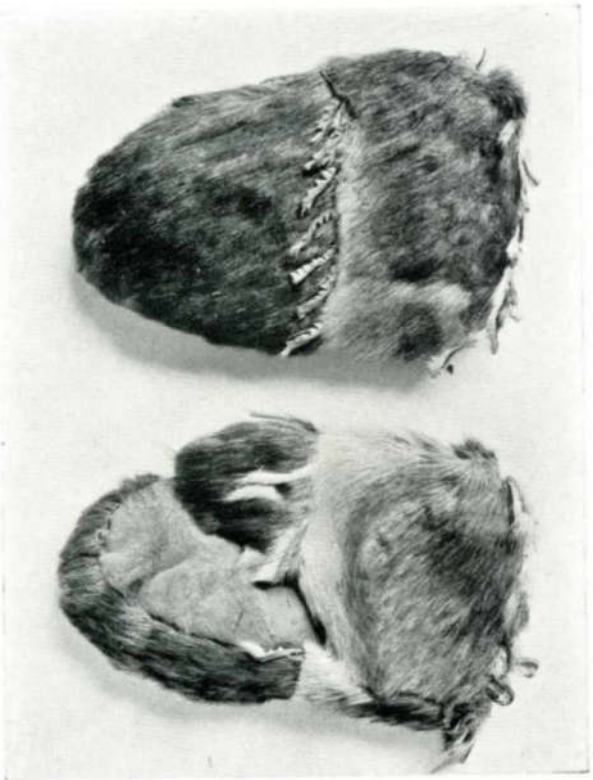
Loucheux man's shirt, collected by Chief Trader C. P. Gaudet and received in 1867. It is decorated with beads and dentalium shells.

Two of the principal H B C contributors to the Smithsonian—standing, C. F. Roderick MacFarlane; sitting, left, C. F. Laurence Clarke—at Carlton House, 1877. With them is Chief Commissioner James A. Grahame.

In February 1862, news of Kennicott's father's illness determined him to return to his home in Chicago, where he arrived in October. The annual report of the Smithsonian Institution for this year indicates that, while collecting in the North had not stopped, the specimens had failed to reach Washington owing to Indian outbreaks in Minnesota, which prevented their despatch from St. Paul. The materials gathered together in 1863, together with those held over from 1862, "filled forty boxes and packages, many of them of large size, and weighing, in the aggregate, about 3,000 pounds. They embraced thousands of skins of birds and mammals, eggs of nearly all the birds nesting in the north, numerous skulls and skeletons of animals, fishes in alcohol and preserved dry, insects, fossils, plants, &c. Not in any way inferior in interest and importance to the natural history collections were those relating to the ethnological peculiarities of the Esquimaux and different tribes of Indians inhabiting the Arctic regions. It is believed that no such series is elsewhere to be found of the dresses, weapons, implements, utensils, instruments of war and of the chase, &c., &c., of the aborigines of Northern America."

It was expected that, with Kennicott's departure, Arctic studies of this sort had reached their culmination, and plans were laid for him to prepare a detailed report on the total collections in zoology; "the materials at his command will serve to fix with precision the relationships of the arctic animals to those of more southern regions, their geographical distribution, their habits and manners, and other particulars of interest, and to extend very largely the admirable records presented by Sir John Richardson relative to arctic zoology."

In what was believed to be a final summing up of individuals to whom especial credit was due, the annual report for 1864 had specifically mentioned no less than twenty-five, including many whose names had not appeared in earlier volumes; to list them here would amount to a roster of the Company's officers of the period. But almost immediately after publica-



Wolverine skin mitts, collected by Roderick MacFarlane at Fort Anderson, Anderson River, and received 1868.

tion, there arrived at Washington thirty large cases from Canada, more than half of them containing the collections of a single man, R. R. MacFarlane, who had previously been but a minor contributor. In this year also was received J. G. Lockhart's classical paper, *Notes on the Habits of the Moose in the Far North of British America in 1865*, which, after years of preservation in the Smithsonian archives, was to be published in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1890.

It is necessary to say much more of Roderick Ross MacFarlane, who was to become one of the museum's great benefactors; for, while by 1867 the interest of others had almost evanesced, he continued to send enormous amounts of material until 1870 or later, and a tradition says that he contributed more specimens in a single year than any other collector in the museum's history.

He was born at Stornoway, on the Isle of Lewis in in the Hebrides, on November 1, 1833, and landed at the age of nineteen at York Factory to begin a long and successful career with the Hudson's Bay Company. Meeting with Kennicott in 1859, he absorbed some of the latter's enthusiasm for field work in natural history, and before his death at Winnipeg on April 14, 1920, had become, not only one of the greatest fur-traders, but also one of the most noted travellers and naturalists in Canadian annals. His interest here lies in the fact that his contributions to the Smithsonian Institution during the 1860's of birds and eggs alone came to considerably more than 5,000 specimens, and his vast collections of ethnographic materials, illustrating not only the ancient arts of the northern tribes, but the period of transition, as a result of their intercourse with traders and other Europeans, from the age of stone to that of iron, possess an extraordinary importance. Among his publications are "Notes on and List of Birds Collected in Arctic America, 1861-1866," published in the Proceedings of the United States National Museum for 1891, and "List of Birds and Eggs Observed and Collected in the Northwest Territories between 1880-1894," which appeared in the appendix to Charles Mair's *Through the Mackenzie Basin*, 1908.

In recognition of his work, MacFarlane's name has been commemorated by Merriam in a hare (*Lepus americanus macfarlani*), a meadow mouse (*Microtus macfarlani*), and a bear (*Ursus macfarlani*), all from Fort Anderson, and a screech owl from Walla Walla, Washington, has been named by William Brewster *Otus asio macfarlani*.

Mention has already been made of *Anser hutchinsii*, named for a Hudson's Bay officer of the eighteenth century; two other geese, *Chen rossii* (Ross's goose), *Bernicla barnstonii* (named by Ross)[3], honour two of the Company's naturalists of the succeeding century. It is peculiarly fitting that their names should be associated with birds whose arrival and departure represent some of the most spectacular occurrences of the northern year.

3. Now considered a synonym of *Anser canadensis parvipes*, the Athabaska Canada goose.—H. G. D.

The first page of J. G. Lockhart's "classical paper."

NOTES ON THE HABITS OF THE MOOSE IN THE FAR NORTH OF BRITISH AMERICA IN 1865.

BY

J. G. LOCKHART.*

The Moose is common over the whole country as far north as the borders of the barren grounds. In the valley of the Yukon, and on the west side of the Rocky Mountains, Moose are particularly numerous, and continue so westward to Bering Strait. There are particular localities, however, where Moose are rarely, if ever, seen. For instance, so far as I have heard, they never approach the shores of Hudson's Bay near York factory. They are very rarely killed in the vicinity of Fort Rae, although they are quite numerous at Big Island and along this side of the lake.

The females have one or two young at a time. They have sometimes, but very rarely, been killed with three young inside; but no one, Indian or white, that I have known, ever saw a female followed by three sucklings or yearlings. For this I have never heard a reason assigned. Since the female has four teats giving milk, one would suppose that she might suckle as many as three young.

The food of the Moose consists of willows, small birch-trees and shrubs, and also of grass and hay. Sometimes two or three will pass an entire winter near certain small lakes or large grassy swamps, in which they feed, scraping off the snow with their feet. In winter, when no water is to be had, they eat snow freely. In winter also the females are most sought after, because they are the fattest. In summer the male is best for the same reason. In fall, when the females are rutting, the males become very emaciated.

There are various modes of hunting the Moose, detailed accounts of which would be, I fear, too tedious. The first and most usual way is to approach the animals on snow-shoes or on foot, as only a hunter

* The manuscript of this paper was received from Mr. Lockhart in 1865, while he was an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, of London, and has been preserved in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution. Between 1860 and 1870 Mr. Lockhart made many valuable contributions to the National Museum, including insects, birds, mammals, and fossils from Mackenzie River, Alaska, Great Slave Lake, and Hudson Bay Territory. For more than thirty years the Hudson Bay Company has zealously cooperated with the Smithsonian Institution in increasing the ethnological and natural-history collections of the National Museum. The objects thus received from Mr. Robert MacFarlane, Mr. Lockhart and other agents of the company have added greatly to our scientific knowledge of British North America.

Proceedings National Museum, Vol. XIII—No. 827.

Proc. N. M. 90——20

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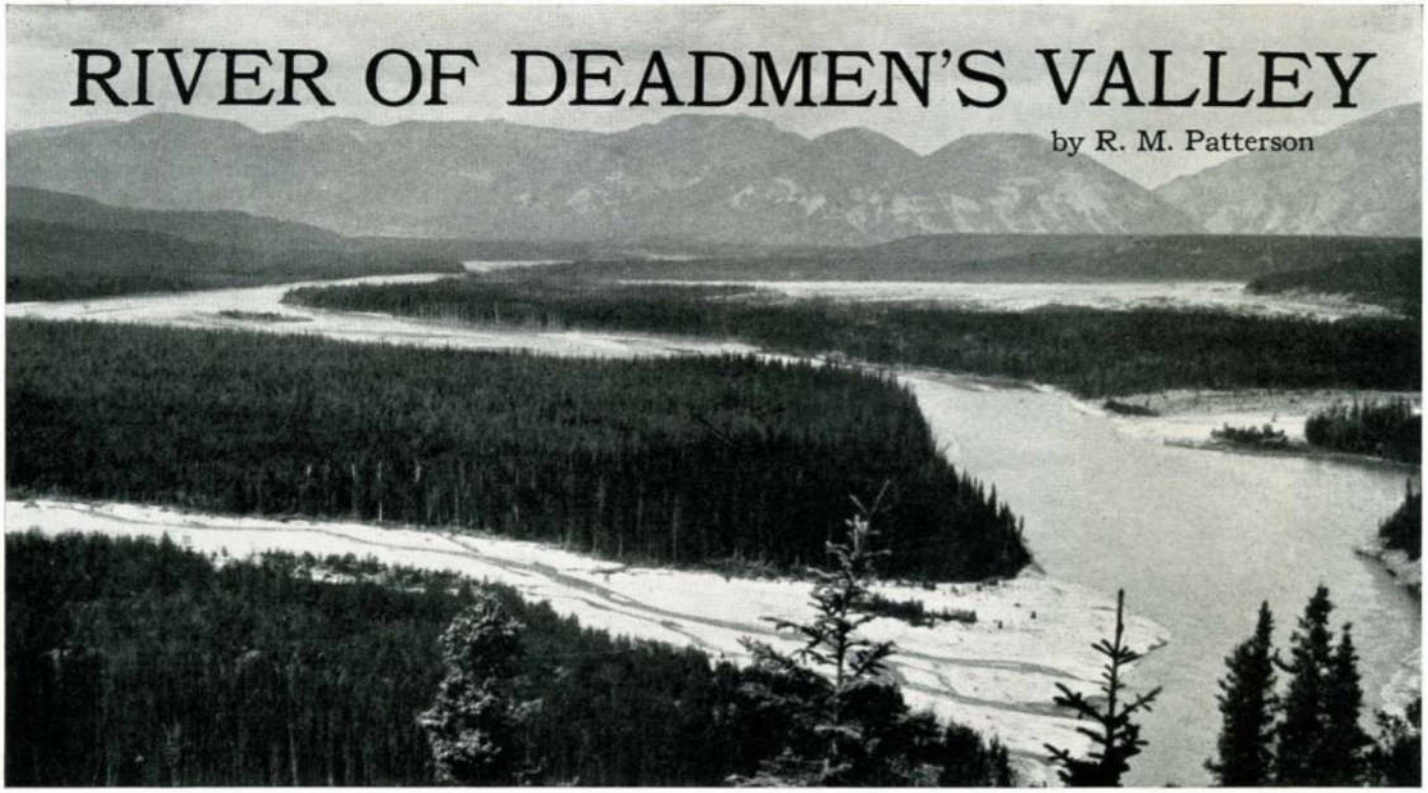
RIVER OF DEADMEN'S VALLEY

by R. M. Patterson



The South Nahanni wends its way through Deadmen's Valley—the "Headless Valley" of current newspaper stories. Ram Creek is in the foreground. Under the author's name is the entrance to the second canyon.

The author spent three years in the fabled Nahanni Valley, and knows whereof he writes so vividly.

THE word "Nahanni" means "People of the West." The country too was given a name, by an American—a man with a dash of the poet in his makeup, who came and was conquered by the fantastic beauty of it in a rain washed summer of blue skies and sudden storms. He called it "The Land of Shadows." Jack London must have heard about it when, years ago, in *Smoke Bellew*, he ran his man "beyond all outer charting" into the country of the Divide, beyond the heads of the Pelly. There Bellew was captured by the Montagnais Indians—the Mountain Men—and brought in to the old white man and his daughter who ruled over them.

This "White Chieftainess" (sometimes with a necklace of coarse gold) crops up persistently. Robert Campbell, in his autobiography, tells how he met the chieftainess of the Nahannis in July 1838.* Hal G. Evarts got hold of the yarn, on a trip down the Yukon, and wrote *Moccasin Telegraph*. John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir, heard of the Nahanni legend as he went down the Mackenzie to the Arctic. Helge Ingstad, in his book, *Land of Feast and Famine*, mentions a party of trappers, hundreds of miles away in the Slave River country, yarning around the camp fire about the canyons, the gold and the lost men. They had never seen the South Nahanni, but old Al. Greathouse had touched the fringes of it and told them a thing or two. And Michael Mason, F.R.G.S., mentioned it in his book, *The Arctic Forests*. A strange country, he said it was, kept inviolate by the Nahannis, who "are hostile to strangers and many white pioneers have been done to death by them."

This last remark, coming in a serious book, seemed, in the year 1926, worth looking into. Also the doctor had ordered me, for a year at least, to do no heavy work. A canoe trip seemed to be the thing—down the Mackenzie, up the Liard, up the Nahanni as far as possible and out, in the late fall, by Fort Nelson and the Peace. Later on, struggling the canoe, solo, up the Nahanni, or humping a large pack south towards the Peace in October, I often thought with a grin of that rather pompous surgeon and his careful recommendations.

So I got together an outfit, and finally, after many vicissitudes, my canoe and I landed up on a July evening of 1927 at South Nahanni, the Indian village close under Nahanni Butte, where the Nahanni meets the Liard. There arrived also, that evening, A. Faille, a Wisconsin trapper of Swiss descent and, simultaneously, an appalling thunderstorm. We sought shelter in A. J. La Flair's trading post and fought mosquitoes by means of a smudge in the doorway—a two-edged weapon, we found, as we groped and spluttered over our supper. Later we fixed up our mosquito nets, and lay and talked, and let the mosquitoes enjoy the cabin in peace. For me, a three-year association with a very wonderful and beautiful river had begun.

Today there are good maps, from aerial surveys, of the Nahanni and its big tributary, the Flat River. In 1927-29 we had none of these aids to navigation—there were only two straight lines on the maps (each in the wrong place, one discovered later), and on the Nahanni line, about 120 miles up, the magic word "Falls."

Starting up stream from South Nahanni, you have first some ten miles of slack water, where the river meanders silently round two oxbows. Nahanni Butte appears, mirrored in the calm waters, from every possible angle. "This," you think, "is not so bad."

You don't think that for very long. For the next twenty miles or so you have the Splits to deal with—a maze of channels and islands, sandbars, shingle bars, sweepers and huge driftpiles—an annoyance in low

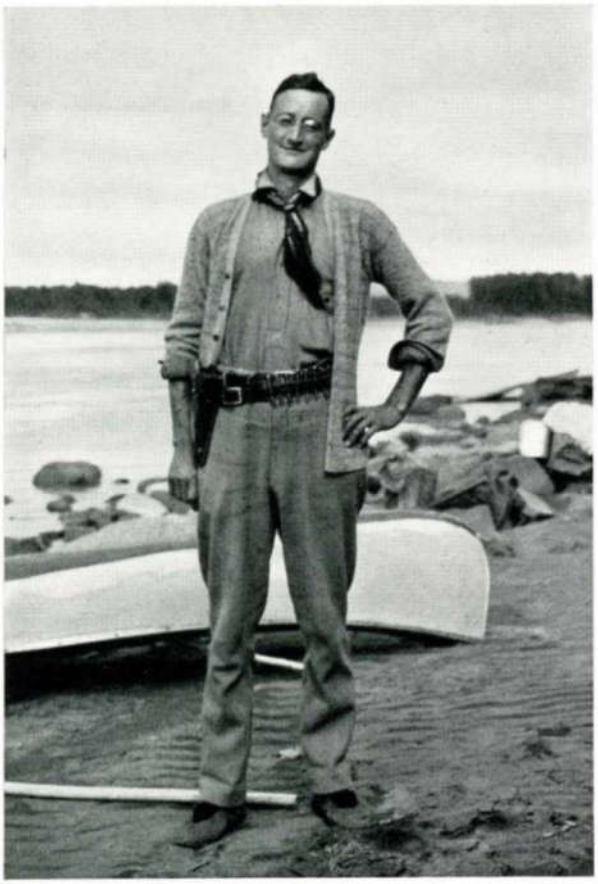
*The *Beaver*, June 1942.

water, a menace in flood time. In places, between the Twisted Mountain on the east and the Jackfish Hills on the west, the river is a couple of miles wide, reckoning from the outermost snyes. The centre channel is high, and from it run offshoots to the side channels, cut afresh every year in the shifting gravel. In 1927 my partner, C. G. Matthews, and I started with a four-horse Johnson outboard. This we smashed on a snag in the calm water at the outset, so we reverted once more to the primitive, and relayed a heavy outfit in sections up to Deadmen's Valley. By the time that job was done there were few shortcuts in the Splits that I had not tested at one stage of water or another. Odd memories come of those trips—moose and bears swimming the channels—the time the bald headed eagle took a dive at us—duck shooting as we ran down stream.

And one trip in February 1929 when, snowshoeing down through the Splits in a cold spell and carrying only one light blanket, I camped on a wooded island. It was very cold—over 50° below, I found later from Jack La Flair—and I decided to improve on the last night's camp. Long ago I had read a yarn of Jack London's about some trip on the Yukon. The hero of this yarn made his camps with the smooth precision of a machine, and must be an example to follow. Anyway, I would try one of his tricks and see how it went.

While I was fixing up camp I made two fires on ground that I had cleared of snow. When the wood and spruce boughs were cut and the chores done, I swept one fire into the other and made my bed in the warm ashes. The black, jagged Jackfish Mountains knifed up in the west into the green afterglow of a cold weather sunset. The ice of the many channels, and even the trees, provided a fusillade from a phantom army. Camp looked snug.

The author at Faille's Cache near the Twisted Mountain, September 1927. All the other pictures in this article were taken by him.



But there was something wrong with that fellow's idea—or something lacking in the way I had carried it out. The heat drew the damp out of the ground into my spruce boughs and blanket. Then it all froze again, and so did I—above and below—and if I hadn't packed a furnace inside me, I'd be there watching the Jackfish Mountains to this day. I never tried it again.

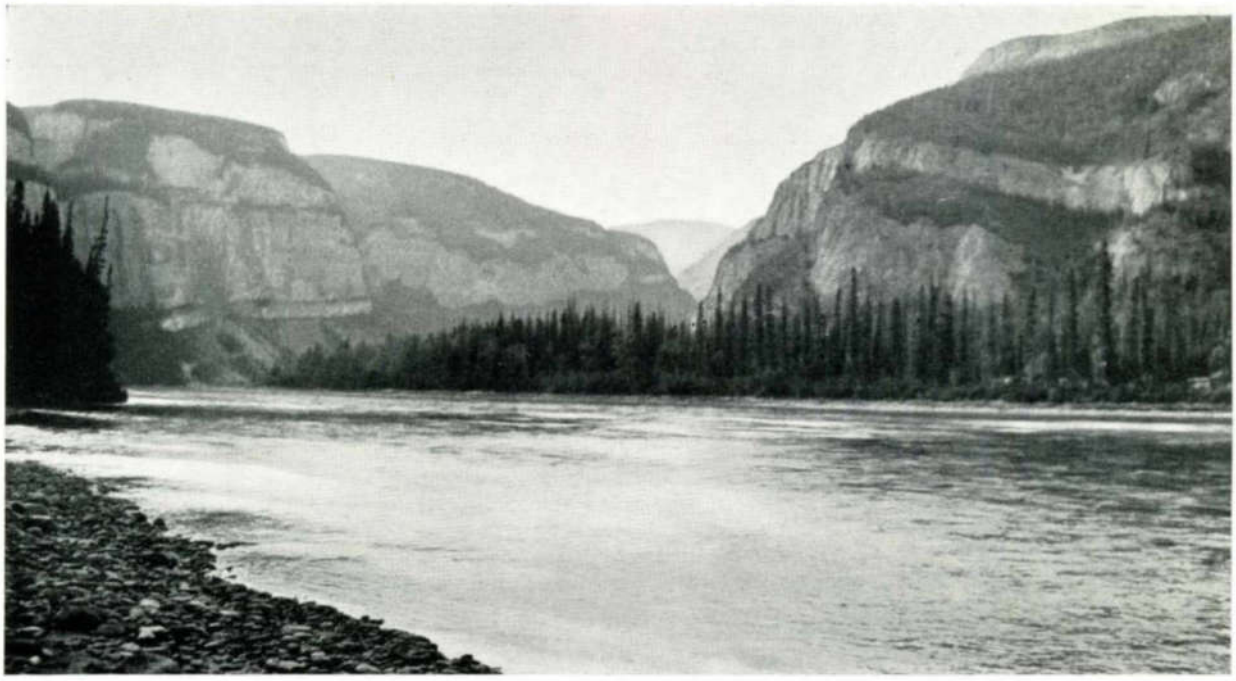
The river, always fast, draws together finally as you pass through some foothill ridges, and ahead lies the plateau of the First canyon—about twelve or thirteen miles through. At the gateway into the canyon, on the right bank, and some hundreds of yards back from the Nahanni, are the famous hot springs. They flow, in separate streams, each of a different temperature, from the foot of a cliff across a small, grassy meadow, reaching the river in one creek which warms the Nahanni, down that bank, for a couple of hundred yards. It seems a shame to spoil a good yarn, but, in cold weather it is just as cold alongside these springs as it is on the canyon ice, and they, like others up the Liard and elsewhere, exercise just as much general effect on the climate as a hot bath would do, if stood outside, or a well heated stock trough. There is no tropical valley.

To lie in one of the streamlets on a May day, in the sunshine, and with the hot water flowing over you, is a joy. And the springs sub-irrigate and warm their little patch of meadow, so that, as early as mid-May, there is green grass showing and violets are in bloom there.

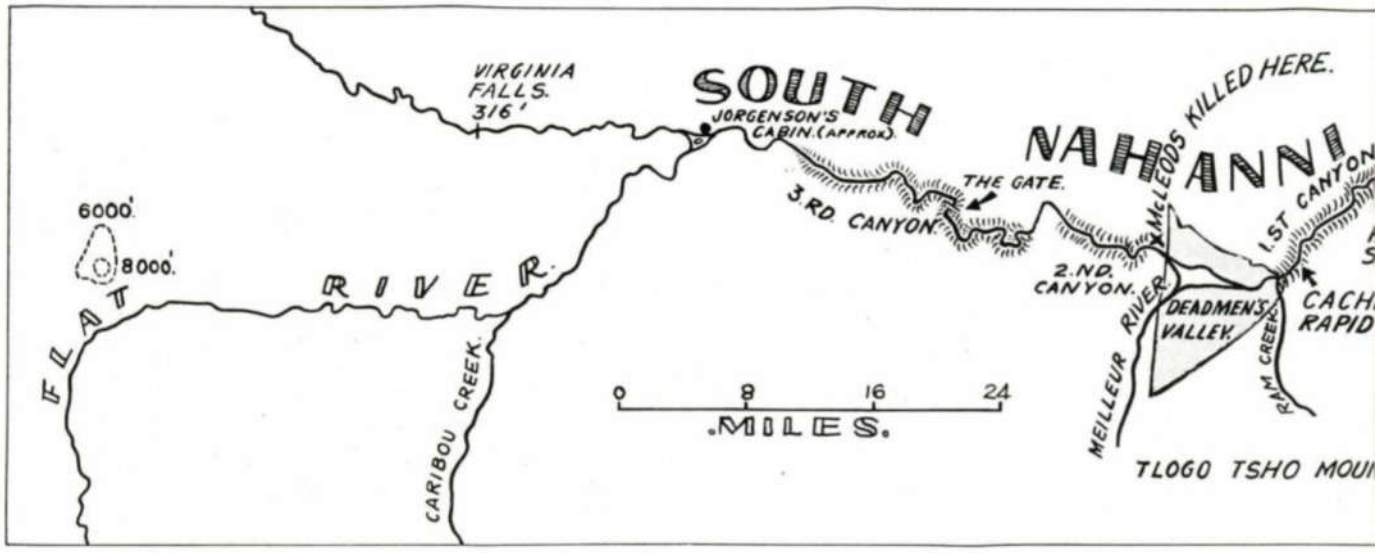
Some of the finest scenery on the Nahanni is in this First or Lower Canyon. The water is fast and the riffles strong, and the great, green river drives under cliffs that rise almost sheer 1500 feet and then, with a slope of talus intervening, on up to 3000 feet. Matthews and I ran down through that canyon one sunny morning after rain. "We slid between the great cliffs," my diary reads, "and down riffle after riffle, hardly talking, sometimes a long way apart, watching the green, gray and purple of the canyon sides, with the soft clouds moving along them and pouring down the gullies."

Those heights are no guesswork. Held up by high water, I climbed up the cleft of a creek in the canyon with an aneroid in my pocket. As the cliffs levelled off I went on, and (I quote again from my diary) "at 4000 feet I came out into a wonderful country . . . the open pastures of the caribou and the mountain sheep . . . miles and miles of high, close cropped grazing land. . . . At last I perched on a rock on the top of a round grass hill at a height of 4500 feet above the Nahanni. The whole green, flower-starred upland lay around me, with the sunlight, and the rainstorms, and a cold wind sweeping over it. It was rent into a maze of canyons and deep valleys, out of which came the noise of water and the boiling cloud vapours. I could see the country beyond the Liard, lazy in the sunshine, the Twisted Mountain, Nahanni Butte, fifty miles away. . . ." Those were high and never-to-be-forgotten days.

These alplands in wintertime provide feed for the Dall Sheep and a highway for the Nahannis, who spend most of the summer around South Nahanni, in the surrounding hill country, or going down to



Looking upstream to the entrance of the first canyon. On the left is the creek issuing from the famous hot springs.



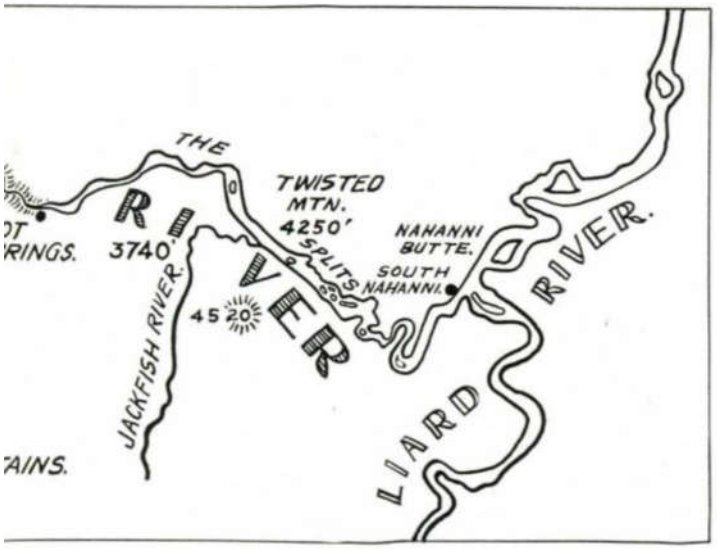
Fort Simpson for treaty. After freeze up they set out with their dog teams for the upper Nahanni or the country of the Yukon Territory divide—following the river ice where it suits them to do so, or striking across country above timberline direct to their hunting grounds, avoiding the windings of the river and the canyons, bare of game in wintertime. The range to the southwest of Deadmen's Valley they call the Tlogo-Tsho—the Big Prairie Mountains—and through this range, by the Meilleur River, they have a trail to the Beaver River in the Yukon. There and elsewhere in that upper country, they hunt till spring, sending perhaps a party in to the post at Eastertime. In the springtime, skin boats are made and the hunters come in down the Nahanni or down the Beaver River, with their catch of fur, hunting beaver on the way.

There is good reason for avoiding the Nahanni canyons, whenever possible, in wintertime. In places they freeze late and, even in February, there are stretches of open water and much overflow. Ledges of ice sometimes run along under the canyon walls and peter out to nothing, becoming so narrow that a man who has ventured too far with a dog team may have difficulty in turning back. One of these places, in the Lower Canyon, we crossed on Christmas Day, 1928, with a canoe—dogs, sled and everything. A squall of wind came howling down the canyon. The dogs, helpful as always when afloat, crowded all to the lee side and over we went. Luckily there was some birch bark and a big driftpile handy—the grub box had headed on downstream; but, if we had no Christmas dinner, at least the canyon was illuminated that

night. A fire like an Armada beacon made the shadows dance on a thousand feet of cliff, and thawed and warmed the sodden voyageurs.

At the head of the Lower Canyon sits the Cache Rapid—a sort of entrance fee to Deadmen's Valley which lies beyond. In this valley, forty years ago, the two half-breed McLeods were found killed—tied to trees, so the story goes, and headless. They had come out the year before, bringing with them coarse gold from somewhere in that vast country—perhaps from the Flat River. They went back in, accompanied by a white man, the following year, and disappeared. Eventually their remains were found near the head of Deadmen's Valley in the spruce on the left bank of the Nahanni, and perhaps a couple of miles below the entrance to the Second Canyon. The white man was never seen again.

That, and the killing of Jorgenson, gave the Nahanni a bad name. Jorgenson's cabin was on the Nahanni, opposite the mouth of Flat River, on a flat now washed out by the high waters. He had been walking from the cabin to the river, with a couple of buckets, for water. Suddenly he must have seen something that scared him, for he dropped the buckets and ran for the cabin to get his rifle. The bullet overtook him as he ran—and there he was found, face downwards, between the river and the shack, which was burned. It was believed he had found gold up the Flat.



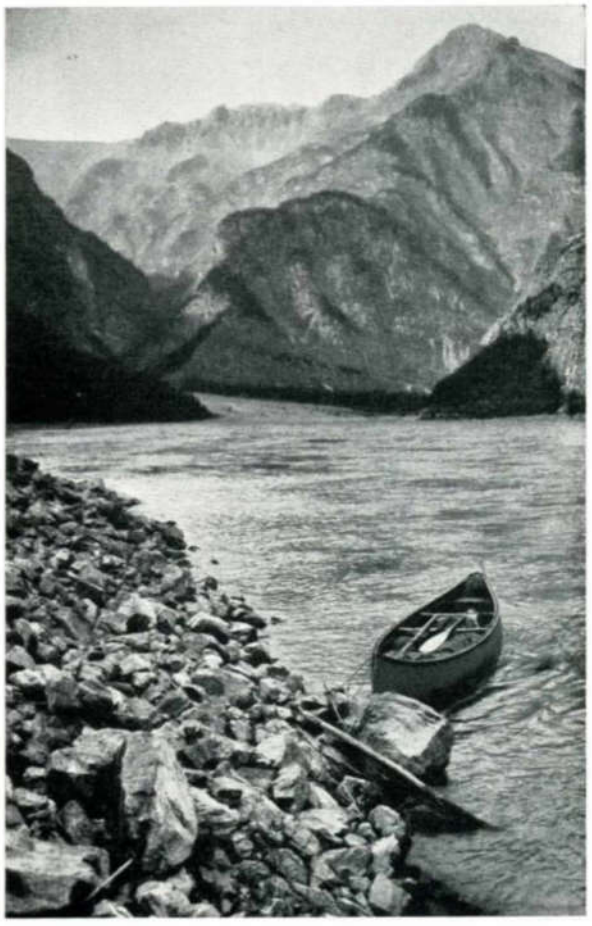
That is the story as it was given to me—and this, coupled with the affair of the McLeods, and with the various other disappearances in that wild country, put a devil-devil on the deep, swift running river that caused men to speak of it with respect.

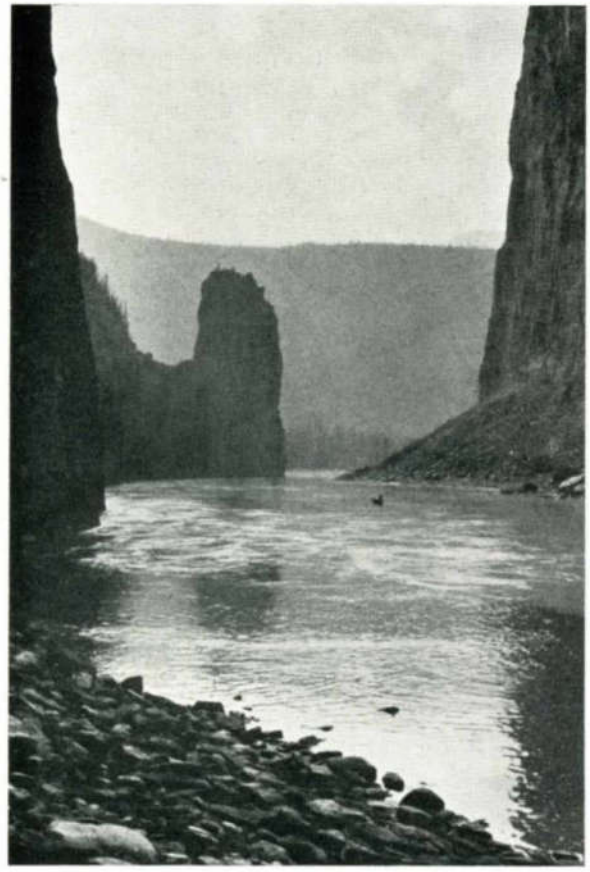
There were also the half mythical Mountain Men—wandering Indians of the Mackenzie Mountains and the Yukon Divide. I know for certain that, as late as the early thirties, Indians from Wrigley, where Matthews was trading then, would not go away back into those western fastnesses. Bad men, they said, the Mountain Men were, trading in to no post, keeping their country to themselves, bad medicine to strangers. All I can add to this story is that, in August 1927, Faille and I saw, near the mouth of the Flat River, two fresh and unexplained blazes. The chips were fresh—and we were, so far as we knew, the only men from the Liard country on the South Nahanni.

Away up above the Falls, and then up the Rabbit Kettle River, lie the Snyder Mountains, a geologically new range of pinnacles, sheer precipices, and great snow and ice fields from which the Nahanni draws its volume and its power. In those mountains, Colonel H. M. Snyder and his guide Jim Ross were stalked by a grizzly in broad daylight. The Colonel saw it and shouted to Ross, and the grizzly's head now hangs on the wall at the 7S Ranch on the Red Deer River. Any country where a man is such a rarity that a grizzly will try to lunch off him under the noonday sun is a lonely and an empty land. And they saw no axe cuts in that part of the Nahanni area. The Indians evidently give those mountains a wide berth, and, in country like this and over such a great area, what can be more natural than that occasionally a man, travelling alone, should disappear? A slip, the snagging of a trackline, a squall of wind in the canyon and, apparently, even a hungry grizzly—and another notch is added to the Nahanni's tally.

Matthews and I built our cabin in the centre of Deadmen's Valley and wintered there in 1928-29. Since "tropical valleys" are news just now, a resumé of that winter there may be of interest. The river froze over in late October, pretty solidly. Then the Chinooks started—and what Chinooks! They blew all day in the Valley and at night they would retreat up on to the tops of the Tlogo-Tsho. You could hear

Rugged scenery in the first or lower canyon.





Near "that magnificent piece of rock scenery" the Gate, the towering walls of the third canyon rise almost vertically from the water. Note the man in the canoe.

the southwest wind howling up there in the darkness—and about 10 a.m. the first warm breeze would come stealing across the flats, back down again for another day's work. They licked up all the snow, broke up the river and piled the ice up on the beaches. To people who wanted to trap, haul home moose meat and get around easily, they were a perfect curse. On and off they blew till Christmas Eve, and then (as nothing ever comes in moderation on the Nahanni) they stopped—quite suddenly and completely. The next Chinook was March 11th and, in between, there was no depth of cold, no violence of storm, that was not well and truly sampled. Late in April and early in May, on warm sunny days, came the big, bumbling mosquitoes, the sweet smell of the poplar buds and the sound of running water. The ice went out early in May, and on May 12th Starke and Stevens appeared with their scow at our camp. They had run down through the canyons from Caribou Creek on the Flat River, where the winter had been quite different from ours—much less windy in cold weather, the snow not very deep, and no unseasonable Chinooks.

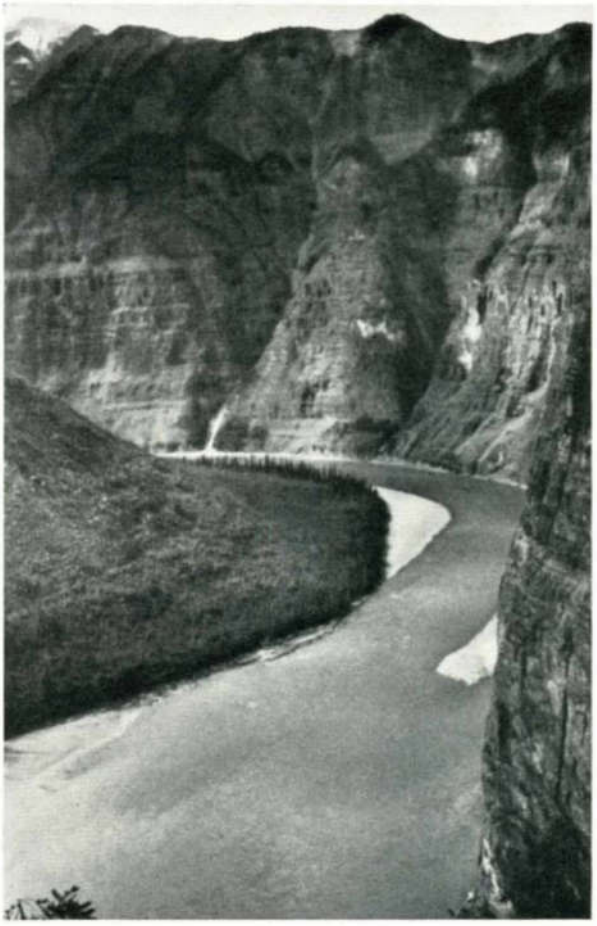
Re-reading an old diary brings back memories of that camp in Deadmen's Valley—of moose on the bars in the summer time, the white sheep on the hills, and of seven black bears and a grizzly in one vast berry patch at one and the same time. And of the winter days when the game was gone, to the Yukon, to some sunnier, more open range, and you couldn't find a steak on four legs in all the Valley.

Of the shooting of a wolf at timber line under the spurs of the Tlogo-Tsho, when the rifle flashes split through the dusk of an October evening—and of a far-off timber line camp up on a fork of Ram Creek, a place of unimaginable loneliness. Here great boulders, the size of cabins, lay piled in wild confusion, and over them grew moss so thick that it covered them as with a carpet. Stunted, wind-twisted trees grew in this moss, and a man with a pack could travel over it—and occasionally put his foot clean through it into empty space beneath. Dangerous going. . .

And so onwards from the Valley and through the second canyon—massive walls and more sheer, but easier water than the Lower Canyon—and into the Little Valley, another triangular opening in the mountains, but much smaller than Deadmen's Valley.

The third canyon reaches from here nearly to Flat River, which must be about a hundred miles from Nahanni Butte by water. This canyon has everything—bad water and good, cliffs which tower over 4000 feet above the river, a box canyon which can be a problem in canoeing, and that magnificent piece of rock scenery, the Gate. The country is more broken, sheep and bears are to be met with along this stretch of river until, some twelve miles above the Gate, the canyon walls recede and the Nahanni is flanked from here to the Falls canyon by an intricate, tangled hill country.

"The sombre magnificence of the canyons." Looking downstream from the Gate.



The Falls, 316 feet high. Taken in August 1927 by Mr. Patterson, this is probably the first picture ever made of them. Note the hump of water on the left, down which the author in his canoe was nearly sucked into the cataract.

Flat River, with its clear green water, drains down from the Yukon Territory divide and the southwest slopes of Snyder Mountains, to enter the Nahanni nine or ten miles above the third canyon. The Indians call it *Too Naga*, the Wolverine Water, and, with Caribou Creek, it drains a vast country, somewhere in which may lie the gold that so many have sought for. The Indian camps that I saw in the first seventy-five miles of this river were all old, but a trail is said to run into its head waters from Frances Lake in the Yukon.

The Flat River is a story to itself, but one sight of it, in September of 1928, is worth recording from my diary. "After a sudden sharp night frost . . . I saw the mountain tops next morning completely scarlet against the deep blue sky, all the way from Caribou to Irvine Creek. It was an unforgettable picture—the eye, travelling upwards from the emerald green water of the river, took in every shade of green and gold, to run out at timber line on to an even line of rounded mountain tops, each one standing out against the sky completely and dramatically scarlet."

A few miles before the traveller up the Nahanni reaches the Flat, a new thing becomes apparent—when you lay your ear to the pillow at night you can feel in the ground the vibration of the great waterfall. Yet from the camp where I first noticed this, to the Falls, must be sixteen air miles. Then again one can hear their actual sound plainly from a certain spot up the Flat River which cannot be less than ten air miles away, with hills in between. The spray from them, at night, will drift a mile down the Nahanni, round the bend into the next reach, and fill with water the hollows in the cover of your sleeping bag.

Some of the worst water on the lower Nahanni is between the mouth of Flat River and the Falls, but when the last bend is rounded—what a sight to see! I drifted in my canoe in the pool below the falls, on an August day of 1927, and marvelled at that magnificent cataract, its creaming rim set against a deep blue sky. This, then, was the thunder which had sounded in the earth so many miles away—this plunge of the Nahanni from the rock islet where the water first quickens, down in two great leaps, splitting on the lower step against a large pyramid of rock—a drop of 316 feet from the islet to the pool.

The spray from the falls brought a coolness into that blazing afternoon. Almost, it seemed that they were getting closer. . . .

Suddenly I came back to earth and let drive with the paddle. I had passed over the dead water point and was being drawn downhill in the back lash towards the Falls. A few seconds more and it would have been too late; as it was, I had to make a frantic dig for it. Slowly, very slowly, I drew in to the foot of the portage trail and the safety of dry land.

All good things come to an end, and there came a day when we turned our canoes down the Liard and saw Nahanni Butte sink below the horizon—perhaps for the last time? Then it was that I realized we had been allowed to live for a little time in a world apart—a lonely world, of surpassing beauty, that had given us all things from the sombre magnificence of the canyons to the gay sunshine of those windswept uplands; from the utter silence of the dry side canyons to the uproar of the broken waters—a land where men pass, and the silence falls back into place behind them—The Land of Shadows.

PRISONERS of the INDIANS

by Elizabeth M. McLean
as told to Constance James

Continuing the story of the McLean family's adventures in 1885, which was begun in the December issue. Miss McLean did not live to see this instalment in print, for she died in April.

DURING the first night of our stay in the Indian camp, as we later learned, the stores in the fort were pillaged by the Indians. My father was asked by the chiefs to go down with them to the fort to assist in a fair distribution of the goods, but he suggested that, as it was now getting dark, it would be better to wait until morning. This they agreed to. However, the young braves could not wait. One by one they stole down to the fort in the darkness, and before very long they were all missing from the camp.

Another event of that night was the third miraculous escape of Henry Quinn. Thinking the Indians would leave the fort alone until morning, he had sneaked back along the river bank in the darkness. But when he discovered that the Indians were already there, he looked around for a place to hide. There were a lot of empty barrels and boxes around, and into one of these he crawled. Presently he realized that the Indians had set some afire to light up the store. He began to think it might not be such fun for him if his barrel caught fire. He had to take his chance, so he jumped out quickly with a war-whoop, and began to shout to the Indians in Cree, calling them brothers. They were more than astonished, and said that he certainly must be a favourite of the Great Spirit. Admiring his bravery, they welcomed him into their tribe. Quinn hated these Indians, but he had no choice under the circumstances. Besides, this was the only way he could get first-hand information. So he kept up his pretence of friendship. Whenever we saw him after that, he would be among a group of the younger men in the tribe.

To go back to our plight in the camp: we passed a very miserable night, all huddled together in a sitting posture in one tent. This included the farm instructor Mann and his family, and also Mr. and Mrs. Quinney, since my father, fearing for their safety, asked permission to have them stay in our tent. In trying to recall that night's experience, I only remember that it was snowing and blowing all night long, and I was numb with the cold, and very hungry, but had to pretend for the sake of the children and my mother that I was all right.

The next day, the sixteenth, the Indians continued with their pillaging. My sister Amelia and I went down to the fort to see what they were doing, and also to salvage a few things we had felt advisable to leave behind, including a fiddle which had been given me when we left Winnipeg for Fort Pitt. We found some of the Indians standing around our little organ, looking terrified. They told us that one of them had sat down in front of it, and the thing had made two or three funny noises. Of course they didn't know that he had put his foot on the pedals.

"Try it again," Amelia suggested, "and press your foot down hard, with your fingers on the keys." This made a horrible noise, and they immediately came to the conclusion that it was the devil himself. Before we had time to stop them, they were chopping the organ to pieces.

The Indians spent the rest of that day fitting up all the carts, wagons and harness they could find around the place, and loading up with the spoils they had taken from the stores. After they had helped themselves to all they needed, they gave my father some flour and bacon.

The next morning, April 17, everybody got ready for the march back to Frog Lake, the scene of the massacre two weeks before, since most of the Indians had left their families there. In place of our horses, which had been stolen during the night, we were given two wretched looking little ponies. However, they were able to pull the light wagon, so that my mother and the younger children could ride. My father and we older ones had to walk through the slush and snow up to our knees, for there had been a heavy fall of snow, which was melting fast. The Indian women had made some travoix to carry their little ones and some of their belongings. My sister, Amelia McLean Paget, has described this conveyance very well in her book, *The People of the Plains*, as follows:

". . . a conveyance formed of two poles, very light and strong, tied together a foot or two from the smaller ends with buffalo thongs in such a way as to form a saddle which rested upon the horse's back. Two cross-pieces, about three feet apart, towards the larger ends of the poles, gave firmness to the contrivance, and between these lower pieces would be slung a shallow basket, made of thongs or rawhide, which could bear a weight of two hundred pounds or more."

The Hudson's Bay clerk who had been with us at Fort Pitt all winter was Stanley Simpson. As we tramped along, we found that Stanley was always near us and keeping an eye on us. Just when we were nearing Frog Lake, he called out, "Look to the left, girls!" But it was too late for me. I had already seen. And what a horrifying sight! It was one of the two priests that had been killed, propped up against a tree in a sitting posture, with a pipe stuck in his mouth. Later on, when my father spoke to the Indians about it, and suggested that the bodies of the two priests should be properly buried, they were, instead, thrown into the cellar of the little church, and the church burned down.

It was the nineteenth when we arrived at a point near Frog Lake, which was to be our camp site for the next two weeks. We had covered a distance of thirty miles in two days. Evidently the Indians thought it unwise to take us to the scene of the massacre, for the bodies of all who had been shot were still lying on the ground, just as they had fallen two weeks before. Apparently the Indians had no thought of burying these either, so my father had to ask permission to do it. He and Stanley Simpson and one or two other men carried out this task as soon as possible.

During the time that we were in camp at Frog Lake, some other Indians, mainly Saulteaux, arrived from Riding Mountain in the Swan River district. They had travelled a long way, expecting to visit relatives and friends at Saddle Lake, near Edmonton, during the summer. But now our captors, of whom the ruling majority were Plain Crees, compelled these travellers to join us. It might be explained here that the Plain Crees were the rebellious tribe. The Wood Crees, who were in the minority, were, in general, less troublesome.

Soon after the newcomers arrived, Amelia and I heard them talking, and were delighted when we recognized the Saulteaux language, for we spoke both Saulteaux and Cree. Imagine the astonishment of the Crees when they heard us conversing with these strangers in a language they could not understand! While we girls were entertained by this new diversion, what was more important was that these people were known to my father, since he had been in charge of the Swan River district for ten years. He felt they could be trusted as friends, and in this he was not disappointed, as will be seen later.

The events of the two weeks we spent in camp near Frog Lake are not clear to me now. There seemed to be something going on all the time, but I did not know what it was all about. The Indians seemed to be holding councils every day, apparently trying to decide what to do next. We noticed that all these councils were carried on under the Hudson's Bay Company flag which had been taken at Fort Pitt. All the flags which the chiefs had received from the Dominion Government at "treaty time," they had destroyed, but the Hudson's Bay Company flag they seemed to prize very much.

Eventually we broke up camp and were again on the march, we did not know where. Walking was much easier this time, for now we were having lovely spring weather. We enjoyed this freedom, as we had been confined very much to our tent during the two weeks in camp. We found out that the Indians were travelling back in the direction of Fort Pitt. About May 15 we set up camp some two miles east of the fort, on the west bank of the Pipestone Creek and on the north bank of the Saskatchewan River. From there the Indians were busy for two or three days hauling more flour and bacon from the fort. Finally when they had got all the loot they wanted, they set fire to the buildings and most were destroyed. We were soon on the move again, this time in the direction of Frenchman's Butte. They did not seem in any hurry, sometimes staying in the same camp for two nights.

It was at about this time that we came to know Wandering Spirit, who often came round our campfire in the evenings and talked to my mother. We noticed that he was quite different in appearance from the other Indians. He was a tall thin man with a long face and a long nose. In contrast with the other Indians, who all had small eyes and straight hair, Wandering Spirit had wonderful large black eyes and jet black hair that hung in ringlets. He was the man who had fired the first shot at the Frog Lake massacre, and apparently he was now very remorseful for what he had done.

"What would your God do to a man who had done what I did?" he asked my mother. She found it difficult to answer him, but when he persisted she told him that it said in the Great Book that man would be punished for his sins. We began to notice that his hair was turning gray very fast.

Chief Trader and Mrs. W. J. McLean. She was a daughter of the founder of Fort Yukon.

It was during this period that, one dark night, an Indian woman came to our tent and quietly spoke to my mother.

"I have come for your oldest daughter," she whispered.

My mother did not recognize the woman, but was wise enough to realize that she could be trusted, so let Amelia go. This was the beginning of a sort of protective society the Indian women formed to save us girls from the chance of being carried away by any of the young braves. The practice continued from time to time, being governed by rumours that they would hear during the day. I should like to tell about the first time they came for me.

It was a Mrs. Arrubaska who came—a woman who had at one time worked at Fort Pitt. She put a blanket round me and whispered, "Keep close beside me. Keep the blanket over your face." We walked along right through the camp. When we reached her tent I found that she had a daughter about fourteen and a little baby. She was alone with her children, since her husband had been sent out as a scout.

"You'll lie over there beside my daughter, and I'll put these bags of moss around you," she whispered. I found them to be old flour sacks that Mrs. Arrubaska had washed and filled with dry moss, which had been gathered for use in the baby's moss bag.

I was awakened at the darkest hour of the night by the sound of Mrs. Arrubaska's voice exclaiming in arrogant tones, "Well, you are brave men! You are supposed to protect women and children, and you come to my tent when my husband is away, looking for the master's daughter!"

"Yes, we are looking for the quiet one," I heard them answer. "We know she is here."

With this I sat up quickly, thinking it was time to run, for I knew it was I they wanted. But Mrs. Arrubaska pushed me back and threw more bags of moss on top of me. Throwing open the flaps of the tent, she challenged, "Well, if you know she is here, come and look for yourself." This ruse worked. With a few grunts and laughs, the shamefaced young braves turned and

went away. I slept no more that night but waited patiently for the dawn, when I was given some hot tea and taken home again.

It was probably within the next day or two, when we were again on the move, that I had another little adventure which showed that these young braves had some decency in them. I was walking along by myself, enjoying the beauty of the spring flowers, and the twittering of the birds, not noticing that I had strayed quite a bit ahead of the rest of my family and the Indian women. Suddenly I saw a horseman galloping toward me. Whirling his horse around, he said, "How would you like to come for a ride with me? You know I could easily pick you up and run away with you." I felt quite helpless, and was sure that I hadn't any legs from my knees down. I looked up with difficulty to the Indian, and answered, "Oh yes, you are a big man and I'm just a young girl. It would be the easiest thing in the world for you to pick me up." Something in this touched a chord of decency. His shoulders drooped, and he dug his heels into the horse and raced away; and well he could race away, for it was "Firefly" he was riding.

The Indian women and my mother and sisters came running up to me. Much disturbed by what they had seen, they sat down and put their arms around me.

"You shouldn't have got so far away from the rest of us. Never do it again!" they cautioned. They helped me to stand up, but I was unable to go on for some little time, for I still felt wobbly on my pins.

When setting up camp in the evenings, we noticed that certain of the young braves were always around, making themselves very useful—helping to put up the tent, gathering firewood, carrying water, and so on. It was after one such evening that Amelia was taken in charge by one of the "protective society." She was sleeping by the eaves of the tent, and was awakened by a slight pulling movement of the blanket under her, towards the outside of the tent. She lay perfectly still, but managed to pull her knife out of her belt. Judging the position of one of the hands that were pulling, she prepared to strike. After waiting for quite awhile, she felt another twitch. With the blunt side of the knife, she struck with all her might. There was a grunt outside, and the woman lying beside her was awakened. When she found what had happened she insisted that Amelia should sleep on the inside from then on.

The next day Amelia told us all about it, and finished up by declaring, "We'll watch out to-night to see who comes round our camp-fire, and who is wearing a bandage on his hand." We did watch; but we had to wait for two or three evenings before we spotted him. First we noticed that one of the young braves was using his left hand a good deal, apparently keeping his right hand hidden under his blanket. But for a moment his blanket slipped. He grabbed it quickly, but we had caught sight of the hand and saw that the thumb was bandaged. From then on, he was a marked man, and we were careful to be always on guard.

Among the Indians which we came to know was an elderly one-eyed man who, because of his love for clothes, was called Dressyman. It was known to us that Stanley Simpson also had only one eye, but because he wore a glass eye which was a very good match for his own, it was very little noticeable to strangers. One day he showed the Indians how he could take it out and put it back. This greatly astonished them, especially Dressyman, who immediately wished that he might have one too.

"We easily picked out Dressyman, for he wore a stove-pipe hat and a swallow-tail coat."

"Would you ask your dream God to give me a new eye like yours?" he begged of Stanley.

"Well, I'll see," Stanley promised. "It might be some little time before I can get in touch with him again."

Unknown to the Indians, Stanley had an extra glass eye. Some two or three days later, he produced the spare eye, gave it to Dressyman, and showed him how to put it in. The latter was so elated that he went running down to his camp shouting the war-whoop.

It was on the evening of that same day that the Indians held a war-dance around a big bonfire, in anticipation of a great victory. This was an occasion for which they prepared by dressing up as much as possible. As evening was coming on, there appeared beside our camp-fire a very tall dark Indian who was known as Lone Man. In his hand he was holding a black lace picture hat, trimmed with fine net, embroidered in black jet. He was going to wear it in the war dance.

"Haven't any of you got any bright ribbons I could have?" he whined. "I haven't anything to trim my hat with."

At that moment Amelia happened to look up from the fire, and caught sight of the hat in his hand. She immediately recognized it as one that had belonged to her, and which she had prized very much. In an instant she flew at Lone Man and grabbed the hat out of his hands.

"No one shall ever wear this hat! It belongs to me!" she declared emphatically; and with that she tore it up and threw the pieces in the fire. Lone Man saw that there was nothing more that he could say or do, so he turned away, feeling somewhat disgruntled. My mother, who had seen this incident, was a little alarmed at Amelia's outburst of temper, fearful of the reaction among the Indians. But the humour of the situation was obvious and soon we were all laughing together at the whole ludicrous affair.

However, our attention was soon taken up in watching the war-dance. The Indians were all dressed up in their best, and in very high spirits. It was a dark night, and as they danced around the big fire brandishing their guns the effect was wild and eerie. A few of them sported one or two feathers, and they were all painted as suited their individual tastes. But there were none of the fine feather head-dresses, such as most people suppose all Indians wore, and their beaded and quilled finery had been disposed of long ago.

We easily picked out Dressyman, for he wore a stove-pipe hat and a swallow-tail coat, the latter turned inside out, since he liked the sheen of the black satin. On his hat he had tied lots of coloured ribbons, and on the tails of his coat he had sewn little bells. Ribbons, too, were tied around his arms and ankles.

As he danced in and out among the others, he presented a grotesque appearance with his flowing ribbons, his tinkling coat-tails, and his blue glass eye shining out in sharp contrast with his own black one! Although not a young man, he was the very embodiment of rhythm and energy, every motion at one with the beat of the drum. All this was accompanied by a wild yell which gradually increased to a triumphant shriek, and then died away with a long tremolo in high "C."

Nobody seemed to be paying particular attention to us—they were so taken up with their own revelry. My sister and I were sitting on the outskirts of the camp, by a little fire we had been allowed to make. Some one had given me a handful of flour, which with a little water made just enough dough to form a small bannock. I had pulled out the coals and hot ashes, and had stuck a few little willows in front of them. Against this I propped my little bannock. I was patiently watching it cooking, and my sister was sitting mending her moccasin, when suddenly we heard the report of a gun. Immediately an Indian came rushing by us and smothered our poor little fire.

"Lie flat on your stomachs and don't move!" he said. This we did, although we could not help seeing the funny side of the situation. It seemed so ridiculous to us that it set us off into smothered laughter. In a few moments it was discovered that the gun-shot had been a false alarm. The same Indian returned to tell us that it was all right—we could build our fire again. We rescued the bannock from the ashes, covered it up with some hot coals and in a short while, although it was not thoroughly cooked, we ate it ravenously. In spite of the ashes, it tasted good to us, for at that time we always felt hungry.

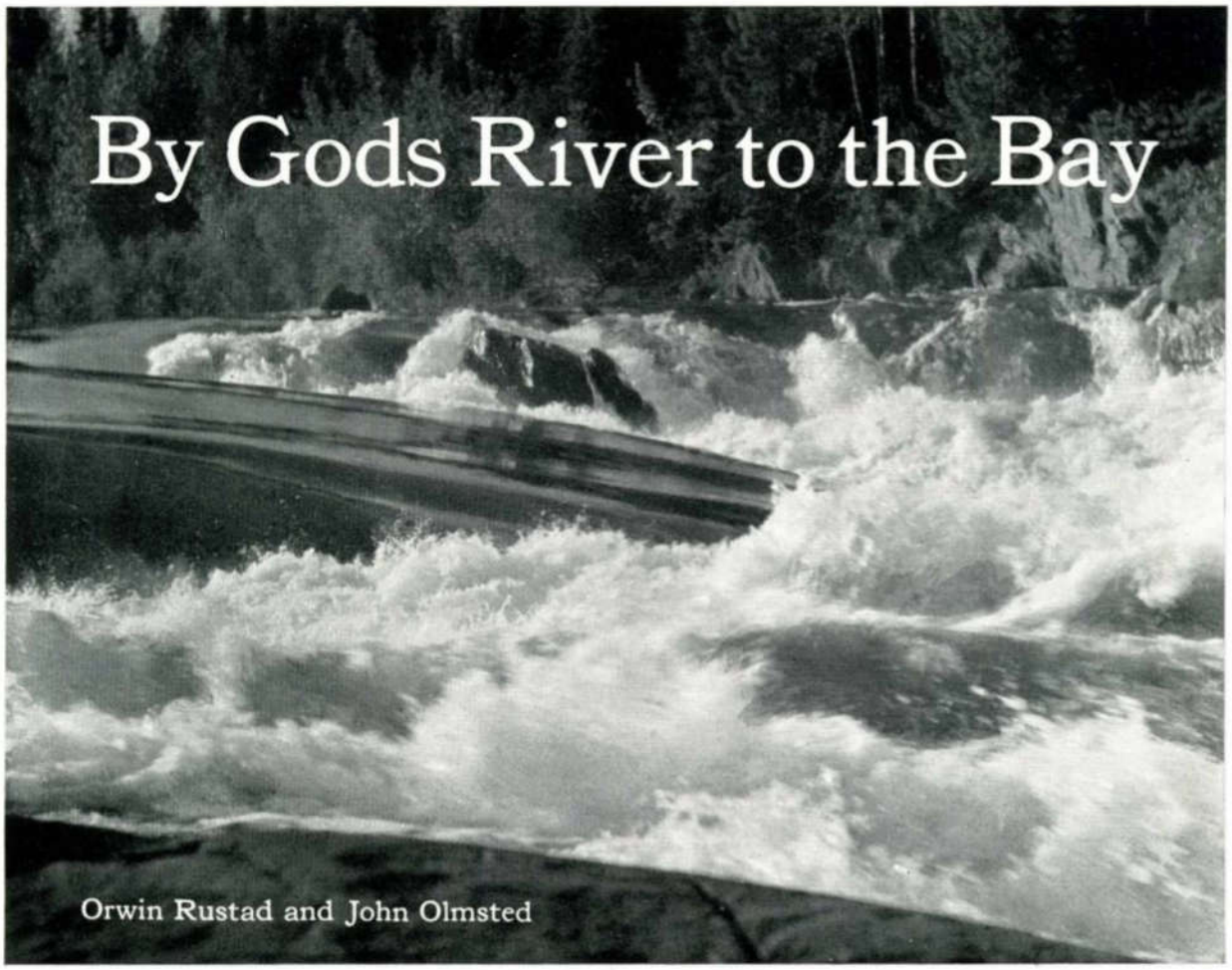
It was probably during this march between Pipestone Creek and Frenchman's Butte that our family began to notice a slight breach between the Wood Crees and the Plain Indians. The latter wanted the whole party to go to Battleford to see what Chief Poundmaker was doing. But to this the Wood Crees did not agree. The breach widened to such an extent that the two tribes were grouping themselves at opposite ends of the camp. The Wood Crees invited us to set up our tent in their end of the camp. This caused indignation among the others, who were, however, too late to do anything about it.

Eventually we arrived at Frenchman's Butte, and camped there for two or three days while the Indians were debating whether or not to send scouts to Battleford. It was at this time that we noticed, one day, that the Hudson's Bay Company flag, which they still put up during every ceremony, was hung upside down. There had been an old superstition that a flag hung in that way was a bad omen. We mentioned this to some women who were sitting by our tent. They at once ran and reported it to some of the head men, who righted it immediately. This incident was not forgotten when bad luck came to them the next morning (May 25). Their scouts came galloping in from Fort Pitt with the news that they had seen there lots of Redcoats and horses. This threw the whole camp into a state of excitement. They rushed all of us prisoners to one spot and told us to sit down. The Indian women and children were then arranged in a circle around us. We realized then that this was done to safeguard the Indian women and children from enemy shots. They were satisfied that the Redcoats wouldn't fire on the outer ring when they saw the white prisoners within. However, this arrangement did not last long. Hardly were we seated when we were told to break up camp, gather our few belongings and set out on the march again, this time toward the north. Such a sudden change of mind indicated that they had decided to run away from their enemies. During this excitement, Mr. James K. Simpson and Mr. W. B. Cameron, Hudson's Bay men who had been taken prisoner at Frog Lake, escaped; but the rest of us had to remain prisoners still, and there was much that we had yet to go through before we gained our freedom.

The third and last instalment of these reminiscences will appear in the September Beaver.

By Gods River to the Bay

Orwin Rustad and John Olmsted



Gods River plunges down a rocky slope into a turmoil of white water. *Wallace Kirkland*

LAST summer we received an assignment from University of Minnesota's department of botany to collect plants on the limestone shores of Gods River, northern Manitoba. Shortly after the close of the spring session, our combined party of twelve met at Winnipeg. For some of us it was our first meeting, several of the boys coming from the Chicago region, and two from Ames, Iowa. In charge of the group was Ben Ferrier, who had made the trip nine times before, and we felt fortunate in having such a competent leader. This was to be the second trip for his wife Marion.

In Winnipeg we learned that our two nineteen-foot freighter canoes and most of the supplies were at Norway House, our jumping off place for the canoe trip. The third canoe, a new eighteen-foot freighter, and the rest of the supplies, accompanied us on the S.S. *Keenora* up Lake Winnipeg to Norway House.

This historic Hudson's Bay post, where several of the buildings date from 1830, is located at the start of the famous old water highway used by the fur traders to go from Lake Winnipeg to York Factory. Our route followed theirs as far as Logan Lake, where we branched off eastwards and took the lesser known route via Gods Lake and River. Our reason for taking the longer way was to enable us to make botanical collections and observations in an area that was biologically unkown.

The days were filled with portages, lift outs, blackflies, mosquitoes, and cold rain, which helped to take our minds off our sore, aching muscles. The Echimamish River region we found to be a tangle of streams, rivers and lakes, making a favourable habitat for waterfowl and semi-aquatic animals. This area would be a paradise for an ecologist as it not only abounds in flowering plants, but also in mosses, lichens, and many fleshy fungi affording an ideal opportunity for comparison of habitat and growth. The predominant vegetation is aspen, birch, and poplar, with willow fringing most of the streams. Black and white spruce form the dominant conifer population with jack pine, balsam fir, tamarack and scattered creeping juniper as sub-dominant.

Near the entrance to Gods River we made a forty-five-minute stop to allow the fishermen to wet their lines. All the fellows who fished caught one or more good sized lake trout measuring from twenty to thirty inches in length, and weighing ten to eighteen pounds. A fair catch for such a short stop, and they tasted good fried in egg-batter that evening.

Our first night on the notorious Gods River was spent at the first large rapids around which most of our equipment was portaged. Although looking rather difficult, the rapids have no bad rocks and were used as our practice rapids. Ben suggested that each of us make several trips through the white water so as to

accustom ourselves to high waves and the handling of a canoe in fast water. Most of the fellows made ten trips as either a bow or stern man. The rapids are located on a bend in the river, and it is possible, after running them, to swing the canoe into the eddies, paddle back up and by paddling hard to break into the chute. This gives a merry-go-round effect, although each ride is accompanied by hard work.

All the practice runs were made without mishaps until the last two fellows tipped over while trying to break into the chute. The overturned canoe raced through the rapids with breath-taking speed, with the two men hanging on to the gunwales. All we could see of them were two bobbing heads, and occasionally they were lost sight of completely as the waves went over their heads. Ben and John hurried across the river with another canoe to help stop them before the canoe crashed on the rocks to be found down-stream quite some distance. Not until nearly a quarter of a mile had been travelled through the wild water were they able to get the canoe into quiet water and finally beached. Along this entire stretch the two boys were not only able to hang on to the canoe, but also the paddles. Outside of getting a good drenching, they were lucky in getting out of the experience without a scratch. All this had a sobering effect on all of us, and after Ben returned to camp he gave us all a lengthy lecture on the perils of rapids, which gave us even a greater respect for the dangers to be encountered.

Pete Burton, a trapper from Gods Lake, had caught up with us at this time and we were happy to learn that he was to travel with us for several days on his way down to his trap area. Pete could give us a great deal of information about the country, its flora and fauna and topography. That evening was spent in watching a beautiful sunset, and in hearing Ben and Pete swap tales of river travel.

According to Pete the trapping in this area is good, with the common animal life being the weasel, red fox, red squirrel, flying squirrel, beaver, otter, mink, and moose. Less common to this region are the cross fox and the fisher. He stated that the snowshoe rabbit, which had previously been quite common, had been quite rare during the past season, with the possibility of their being killed off by some disease. The white-tailed or Virginia deer is rarely if ever seen in this area. Some woodland caribou have been observed; however, not over ten or twelve have been seen by Pete as long as he has trapped this territory. Last winter was the first time that he had ever seen the barren ground caribou in the Gods Lake region. He stated that these animals probably came down from the barren lands near Churchill, following the winter tractor-train roads into the Gods River section and then up the river to Gods Lake, literally invading the area by the thousands, tramping down the snow like a street wherever they went. About fifty of these small "barren land" caribou had been seen near the gold mine on Elk Island at Gods Lake during the past winter. Packs of timber wolves would usually be found following these caribou herds upon which they fed.

The flora of Gods River is predominantly coniferous, with black and white spruce being dominant. A few scattered jack pine are observed on the clay banks as well as on the granite outcrops in the Gods Lake as well as in the upper Gods River region. However, none of the other pines are to be observed in this area. Creeping juniper is rather common. Fringing the edge of the river are many types of willow, flowering dogwood, aspen, poplar, and some birch. Much burned over timber was seen along most of the Gods River. Back some distance from the water is the muskeg, with its thick moss covering the ground in clearings. Probably of greatest interest to us botanically was the finding of several different species of orchids, which we collected at various points along the entire route from the entrance to Gods River to quite some distance below the H B C post at Shamattawa.

On our twenty-third night out from Norway House we arrived at Red Sucker Rapids at the junction of the Red Sucker and Gods Rivers. This is a long and swift stretch of white water, down which our canoes were lined and much of our duffle portaged.

From here till we reached the Shamattawa post we were in fast moving water, having very few rapids, a trip of seventy miles which we made in one day. One of the best deals that we had on the trip was when we floated all night. We covered some forty miles between ten o'clock in the evening till we reached the Pennycutaway River at five-fifteen in the morning in time for breakfast. Prior to floating, the duffle was changed in the canoes sufficiently so that three men could sleep in the bottom with the fourth man at the stern. Each fellow took a two-hour watch at the stern during the night. We passed the Hayes River junction at eleven o'clock, and thus entered again the famous Oxford House route to York Factory. The feeling of being in charge of a canoe, with three men asleep, silently coasting along through the mist, was a unique experience, and no one would have missed it. It was a rather uneventful night, but at the break of dawn Orwin saw two moose drinking at the edge of the river just a short distance ahead.

We ate a hearty breakfast, reloaded our canoes, and were at the historic Hudson's Bay post at York Factory by noon that same day, having covered about one hundred and twenty-five miles in less than twenty-four hours. York Factory is located at about the 57th parallel, which is farther north than the Aleutian Islands. All we neophytes had heard and read so much about the historic Hudson Bay and were eager to get our first glimpse at it as we came paddling down the Hayes River that noon. We're not so sure what each of us expected to see, but when Ben pointed straight ahead and exclaimed, "There's the Bay!" we murmured, "Well, that's just some more water."

At first we could see the ocean through only a narrow pass forming a small portion of the huge mouth of the Hayes; but as we approached the high

John Olmsted (left) and Orwin Rustad work on some field specimens en route.

clay banks of York Factory, this pass widened into a large expanse of water, exposing the wide horizon of the sea—a thrill long to be remembered by all of us. The vegetation of these clay banks consisted mostly of spruce, which were now considerably stunted both in height and in trunk diameter, which is typical of sub-arctic vegetation. Various sedges, cotton grass, and other grasses lined the shore of the river.

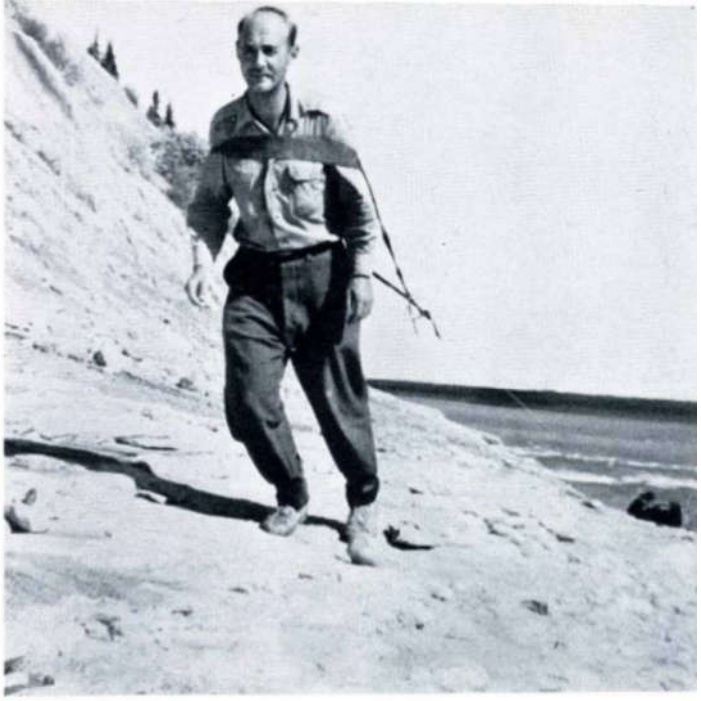
The small settlement at York Factory lies along the mosquito infested shore of the Hayes and is divided into three sections, each being somewhat separated from the other by an area of grass and swamp. Perma-ice is to be found throughout the year about one and one-half feet below the surface, filling the low, grass areas with muskeg water, making an excellent breeding spot for mosquitoes.

On entering this settlement, a scattered Cree village is reached first with its numerous shack-like dwellings, white tents, howling of tethered sledge-dogs, innumerable dirty children, and flies, all of which are so very typical of any Indian village in the North. Not very far from this village is the small white Anglican mission church and home of Archdeacon R. Faries and his wife, who came to this mission about forty years ago. They built the church and their cozy home themselves with the help of a few natives.

From the mission to the H B C post is a brisk two or three-minute walk over a long board walk which is laid through another swamp of grasses and willow underbrush. The congenial manager, T. A. Retallack, and his attractive wife made our short stay at York Factory most enjoyable. Next to the post is their smartly designed home, looking so very much out of place in that far-flung, northern tree-line environment. We would probably have been less surprised to find as their house a rather rickety old log cabin. We were told that their home is quite new, and follows the general plan of design now being used in building most of the homes for the factors and their families by the H B C throughout the Canadian North. Apparently this type of design has been found to meet the needs of combatting the rigours of northern climate better than that of most other types of houses.

Inside this modern home Mrs. Retallack has perhaps all the conveniences of any modern city dwelling, from electric lights, derived from a wind-driven generator, to a built-in kitchen unit that would make any housewife envious. We could find but one item absent from this house that would be found in most city homes, and that is a telephone. But instead, the Retallack's have the H B C wireless telegraph that probably no city home can boast of.

Limestone Rapids on the Nelson are like the waves of the sea.
K. H. Doan



Mr. Olmsted tracks his canoe up the lower Nelson.

It was of especial interest to us to be shown that the partitions inside the house have a space of twelve or more inches left along the entire length of both the bottom and the top, to allow for better circulation of heat between the rooms in the winter. When told that the temperature often drops to forty below in this region in the winter, we could understand quite well why they were so concerned about the warmth.

Near to this modern home is found the well preserved, historic store and warehouse which was built about the year 1830, and is still literally teeming with the history and drama of the days of Sir George Simpson. This is the most historically important and famous of all H B C posts on the Bay, and should be preserved as a monument of the past. It consists mainly of a two-storey, rectangular building with a courtyard in the middle, having a large store on the first floor at the far end away from the river, with the balance of the building comprising the huge warehouse used for storing furs, equipment and food and other staple goods. The centre section of the building, on the river side, is three storeys high, and on top of this is a turret large enough to accommodate three persons at one time, having in it an old telescope that was used to watch for the schooner coming up from the Bay.

At five-thirty the following morning we left on a tail wind down the Hayes River, rounded Marsh Point out in Hudson Bay, and began our struggle up the muddy Nelson River. With the wind ahead of us now, our speed was slowed down to such an extent that we finally were caught by the outgoing tide, grounding us from mid-morning till late afternoon. At five-thirty the incoming tide made it possible for us to make a run for our proposed camp site located across from Port Nelson. But this time we were caught in a terrific squall, which is a ghastly situation to be in. It is especially bad when in a canoe on strange waters and when night is coming on, with the possibility of being caught by the outgoing tide again. The wind and waves were terrific, and it was late that evening when we finally pulled into camp, exhausted and disgusted, and pitched our tents in a driving rain.

Most of our equipment was drenched, our specimens were discouragingly soaked, and the mosquitoes were merciless. We went to bed wet, cold and hungry, but glad to be alive.

After being wind bound for two days, we paddled across the lower Nelson to the Port Nelson shore through waves higher than our heads, and against a terrific head wind. A large school of white whales had come in on the tide, and kept bobbing up for air all around our canoes, giving us a rare thrill.

Tracking up the lower Nelson River, with its jagged limestone and crumbling clay banks, proved to be fully as unpleasant as it had been made out to be. We were lucky in having excellent weather from the mouth of the Nelson to Mile 352 on the C.N.R. Also, because of favourable water height, we were able to paddle in the eddies much more than usual, saving us considerable time and sparing us many hours on the tracking line. We made this portion of our trip, a distance of over seventy miles by canoe, in four and one-half days.

Near Goose Creek, located about three quarters of the way up the lower Nelson, it was of particular interest to us to photograph and walk on ice banks which were of varied heights up to twelve feet.

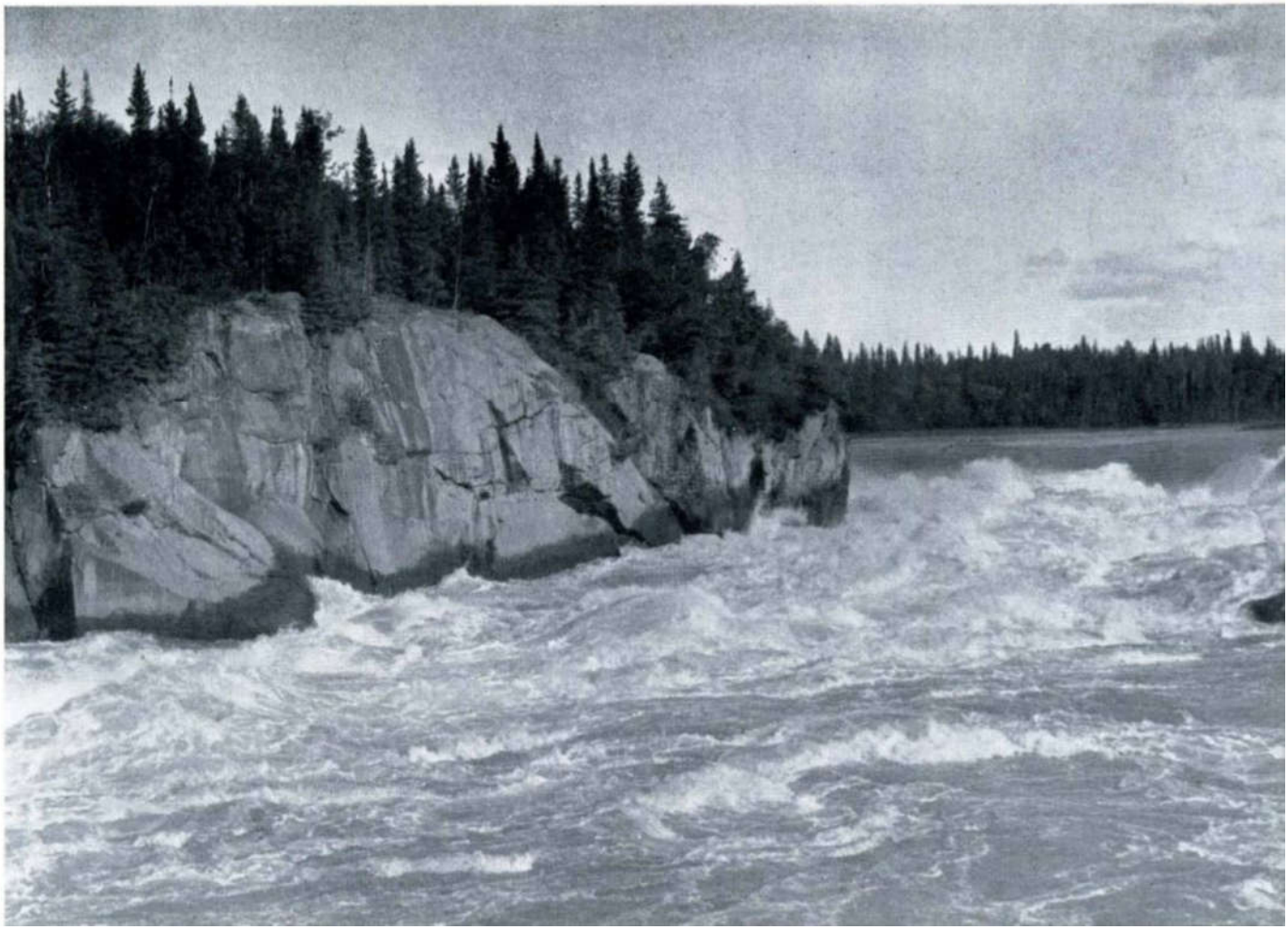
On approaching the C.N.R. tracks, we were able to observe how nature takes care of the short growing season found in the far North by running the seasons together. For those of us who were accustomed to the more conventional seasonal variations of spring, summer and fall, with its rather definite flower types, it was a bit amusing to be able to pick ripe strawberries, common in spring, with stunted gooseberry bushes growing nearby having ripe berries, typical of late summer. To add to this seasonal novelty we collected specimens of dwarfed willows having large catkins common in early spring, and growing near by was a clump of composites, an attractive flower of late summer and early fall.

At Mile 352, the two of us caught the train, which is colloquially known as the "Muskeg Special," for Churchill, to get a first-hand look at the town and at the barren lands. On the following day we returned to Mile 352 on the same train, where the remainder of the expedition joined us, with their equipment, to continue to Thicket Portage. Here we again continued our trip by canoe, travelling by way of Landing Lake, Sipiwesk Lake, Cross Lake, through the canoe channel and eventually back to Norway House after again going by the High Rock and Sea River Falls which we had passed on the outgoing part of the trip.

The last week of our trip, from Thicket Portage to Norway House, proved to be a "tourist's paradise," giving a perfect ending to what could have been an otherwise drab summer. To our surprise, the mosquitoes and blackflies were nearly absent. The rapids were in picturesque settings of spruce, in direct contrast to the less attractive burned-over areas often seen on the earlier part of our one-thousand-mile canoe journey. Breath-taking White Mud Falls, surging with tremendous power through a picturesque granite gorge, increased our deep respect for the power of water.

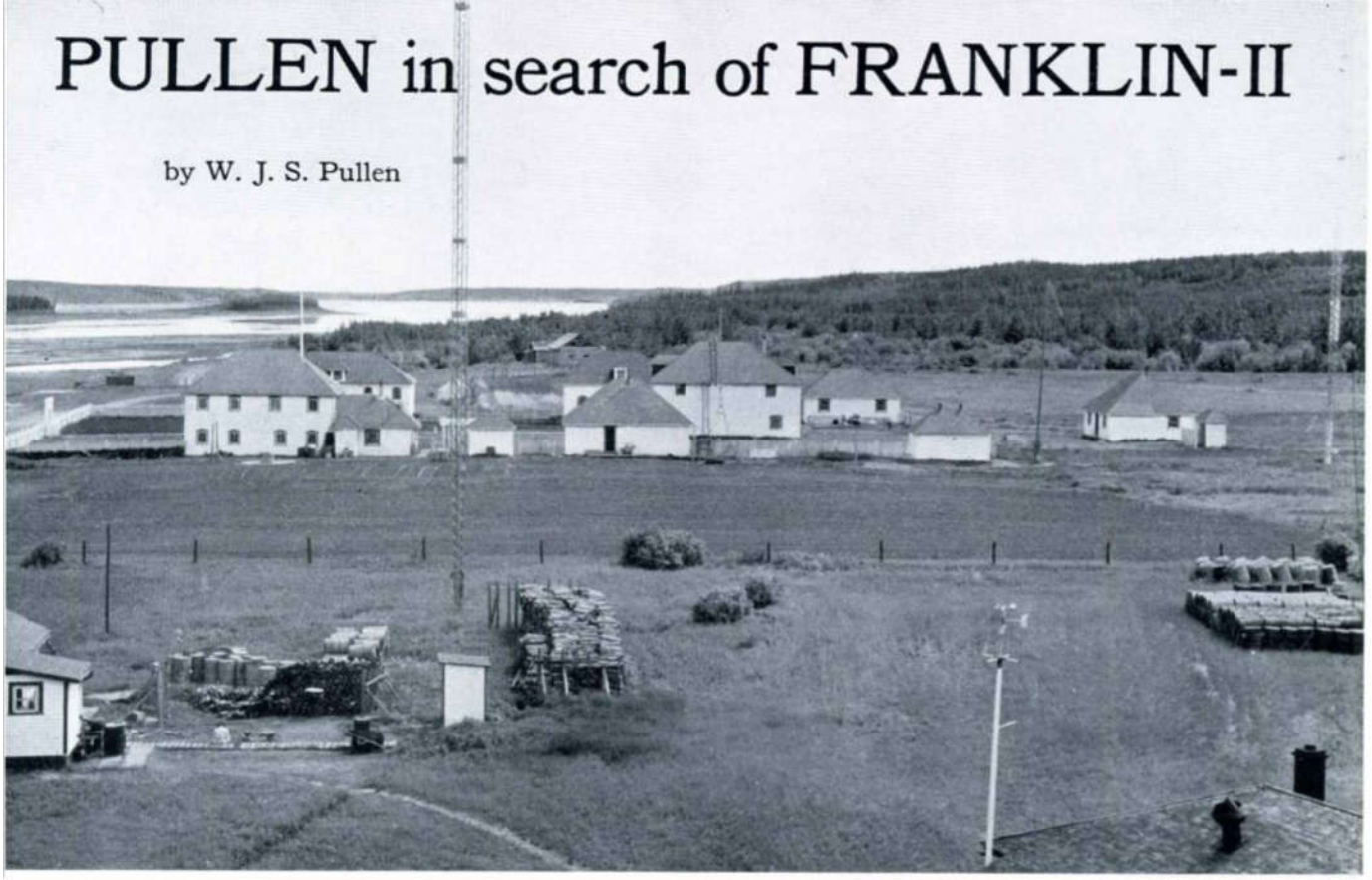
Ideal weather gave us full days of sunshine entirely free of rain, with nights clear and beautiful. A full moon emphasized the true beauty of the North, softening its harsh features, and giving us a sense of peace and serenity never to be found in our cities.

White Mud Falls on the upper Nelson is one of the most picturesque spots in Manitoba. *Wallace Kirkland*



PULLEN in search of FRANKLIN-II

by W. J. S. Pullen



Fort Simpson, at the junction of the Liard and Mackenzie, has changed considerably since Pullen spent two winters there.
J. L. Robinson

This is the second and last instalment of Vice-Admiral Pullen's account of his search for Franklin in the years 1849-50. The first instalment, in the March issue, described his voyage of 1849 from Wainwright Inlet along the coast of what is now Alaska and the Yukon Territory to the Mackenzie and up that river to Fort Simpson, where he entered winter quarters.

An error was made in the introductory note to the first instalment, stating that Richardson made his voyage from the Mackenzie to the mouth of the Coppermine in 1849. Actually he made it in 1848.

I FELT very anxious about my party, small as it was, in all fourteen, thus extended over a distance of 1,000 miles for substance and no hope of being united till the next year. Thus Mr. Hooper with the four weakest men at Fort McPherson on the Peel, myself and the two Marines at Fort Simpson, the remainder at Big Island on the Great Slave Lake.

Now the question was, how were we to get through the time, for on enquiry I found the readable matter in the Fort was but small;[1] but I found a number of thermometers and declinometers left by Sir John Richardson which I set up and commenced a series of observations, noting readings every three hours, and began writing my journal but that did not last long and I was getting very weary and tired of such a monotonous life but there was no help for it.

Early in the year 1850 I heard from Mr. Hooper that on Mr. Piers [A. R. Peers] (the officer in charge of the station where I had left him on the way up the river) arriving, he considered that the increase of the explorers was too great for his resources, so sent him on with the hope of catching me up but it could not be, he only reaching Fort Norman some time after I left.

They being unable to support the increased numbers sent them back to the Great Bear Lake, furnishing him with a fisherman and Indian hunter, where they all took up their quarters in an old dilapidated fort of Franklin's [Fort Franklin] which they had almost to rebuild, to make habitable.

On May 20th, Rae was enabled to get off on his visit to the northern part of his district viz. Fort Norman, Good Hope etc. to collect all furs etc. which had accumulated during the season. As my scattered party there would return with him I began to make my preparations to proceed with them in the first brigade of boats to Methy Portage, thence York Factory, Hudson Bay and home by the annual ship from that latter post.

Now, first to review my proceedings since the entry of the Mackenzie. We had traversed 800 miles occupying us 36 days and since leaving our ship at Wainwright Inlet, Bering Strait, a distance of 692 miles in ice encumbered sea to mouth of river in 72 days. Or from 25th. July 1849 at midnight starting from the ship till 3rd. October occupying 34 days, landing at Fort Simpson, River Mackenzie; but a portion of the party, seven in number had to go further on, thus, to the Great Slave Lake to the Big Island fishing station, about 200 miles away which they reached on Oct. 10th. 1849.

Thus were my party of fourteen distributed over a distance of 800 miles from extreme point for actual subsistence. Such were the resources of the country.

1. Pullen's obvious boredom that winter may have inspired the local fur traders to correct the situation, for according to Roderick MacFarlane: "In 1850, the officers of the Mackenzie River District established a free library of some two to three thousand volumes" at Fort Simpson. The remnants of this collection, amounting to barely 150 volumes bearing the name plate of "McKenzie's River Library," are now kept at Hudson's Bay House, Winnipeg.

Now after settling down and getting all my thermometers set up with declinometers I began my observations for position.

Casting bullets too with quicksilver I tried and with the thermometer 39 below zero point or 71 below freezing point before I got a perfect shot. Then too I had made a few attempts on observing the peculiarities connected with the Aurora Borealis, but got no good opportunities until one evening of Feb. 1850 which I will here attempt to describe.

I was on this evening retiring to my bed when I saw a strange bright light shining into the window, for although I had often before at other times seen in New Brunswick very splendid displays of Aurora there was something so strange in this passing before us that the most insensible could hardly but be impressed with its beauty and strangeness. First low down, faintly touching the palisades of the fort, indeed quite in it, with such an unearthly beauty that I feel quite at a loss to describe it. First I felt as if the fort were on fire and was considering how I should escape it so close as it was but after a little reflection and finding what it really was, I rushed to observe its effect on the declinometer thinking it would seriously affect its needle, so delicately suspended as it was, almost in the thick of it; yet from long watching, not even in the most varied changes and brilliant flashes and corruscations, the needle moved not in any way appreciable to the eye or senses. I have often heard too that it was accompanied with noise. Here I should have expected it but it was as still and silent as ever but showing such a blaze of strange fire and glare of indescribable beauty, rolling about and ever changing in form and colour that my pen fails in describing it. All I can say further is that in all my experiences I never saw the like before or since. At this time there was no wind and the thermometer showed 52 deg. below zero.

On June 1st. 1850 Mr. Hooper arrived from the fishing station on the Great Bear Lake where they had spent the winter of 1849 and I was glad to see him and his men looking better than I expected. With still a long journey before us and over strange ground of which we knew nothing further than where boats could not carry us, we should have to carry them by crossing portages till we reached York Factory in the Hudson Bay where we should embark in the Hudson Bay ship for England.

So our preparations for home, few as they were, were soon made, and Dr. Rae announcing about 20th. June 1850 that he was ready to leave for the journey to Hudson Bay, we bid goodbye to Fort Simpson for the Methy Portage and hoped soon from there to reach York Factory and thence embark for England.

But alas, in this we were disappointed for just on the point of entering the Great Slave Lake we were met by two Indians in a canoe, this was the 25th. June, who proved to be bearers of an extraordinary dispatch from England which contained my commission as Commander bearing the date of Jan. 25th. 1850, and also the sanction of the Admiralty for renewed prosecution of the search for Sir John Franklin and his party on the coast, but Eastward of the River Mackenzie if Captain Pullen should consider it practicable. Very little consideration was necessary on my part, or that of my men to help in finding them, who gave their willing consent to whatever I should decide on, saying that wherever I should lead they would follow.

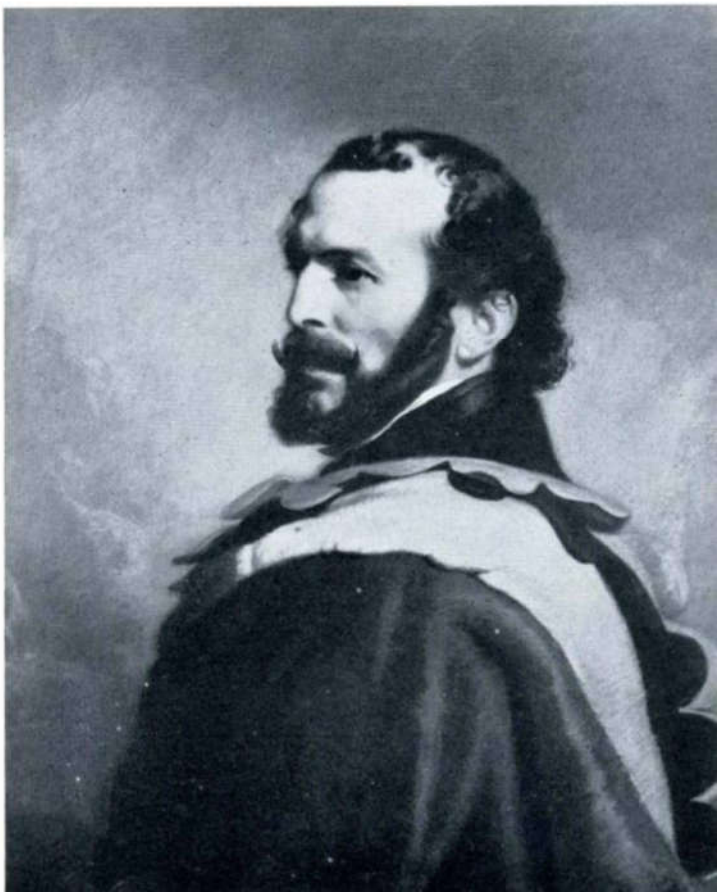
But now I had to consult with Dr. Rae as to equipment, who promised to do all he could, but first it was necessary to go on to the Big Island to pick up my men, then on to Fort Resolution on the eastern side of the Great Slave Lake, if possible to get a supply of pemmican. So decided on returning forthwith to the coast; so on reaching the next day the Big Island station and embarking my men we set out for Fort Resolution. But here obstructions met us on the ice which I found so great on the Great Slave Lake that I finally gave up all idea of going any further but decided at once to return to Fort Simpson, and trust to what I could get there rather than lose more time.

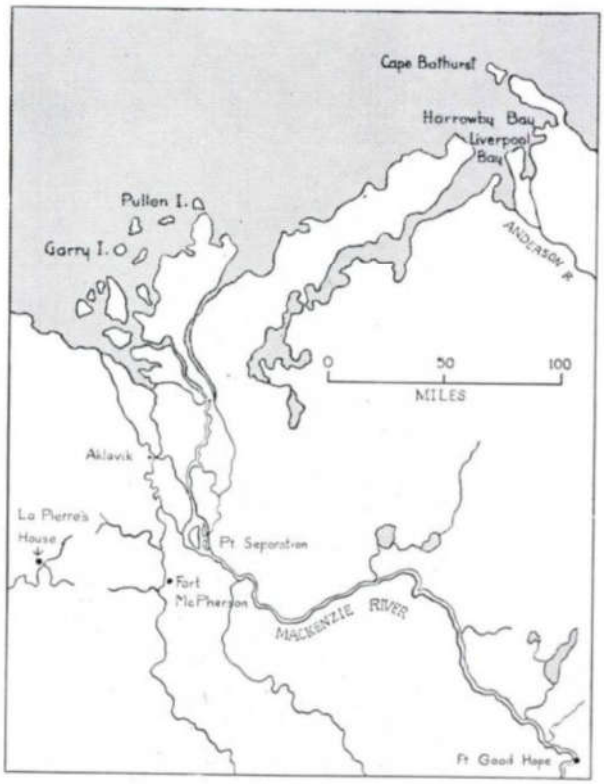
So I said goodbye to Dr. Rae who took my two sick men and despatches for England, and on June 29th. 1850 I commenced to return to the Arctic coast. On July 3rd. I got to Fort Simpson. Of the boats of my first expedition only one was available but a new one 40 ft. long and 9 ft. beam, a batteau [York boat?] supplied by the Company and which I named "Try Again." I rigged her as a fore-and-aft schooner, provisions being chiefly dried meat and a small stock of pemmican.

On 11th. July I left Fort Simpson again and pushed down the river with my small squadron of only two boats, but with a resolute and determined party, consisting of myself and Mr. Hooper (mate), two Indian hunters and two of the Company's men as steersmen in place of the two I sent home by Dr. Rae, invalids, in all numbering fourteen.

Fort Good Hope was reached on 16th. and the Arctic Circle was crossed on night of 17th. Point Separation on 18th. whereon I landed to take up the pemmican left by Sir John Richardson in 1848. Thence proceeding by the eastern branches of the river I got into the Arctic Sea again on July 20th. 1850 and landed on Garry Island.

Chief Factor Dr. John Rae. From the portrait by Stephen Pearce. *Courtesy National Portrait Gallery*





Our course was then easterly and we landed on Kelletts Island reaching it on July 23rd. 1850. Here we encamped for the night and the Indian hunters were successful in bringing down a deer which after dressing yielded 160 lbs. of good meat. Unfortunately the winds although light kept northerly pressing the ice into the shore and terribly retarded our progress. However, what with making portages, I had taken an india rubber boat which was invaluable for the latter.

On the night of Aug. 8th. crossed Harrowby Bay and on the afternoon sighted Cape Bathurst and saw a large Esquimaux village. On arriving at the Cape saw at once that our further advance was stopped, and this was so different from what I expected, as off the mouth of the Mackenzie I saw as far as the eye could reach what I had seen in Aug. 1849, open water to the northward with not even a sign of ice or even ice blink to bar progress in that direction. On searching the Cape we were firmly convinced from what the natives told us that we could go no further, from the state of the ice, so piled up and close in shore in high sheeny masses. However I had made an ineffectual attempt guided by the Esquimaux in their kyaks, to get round the Islands off the cape, as well as the Cape itself, without success, and I might say that the ice from its appearance was quite paleocrystic,[2] using the word lately made use of to express the state of the ice.

Here I remained until the 15th. and in perfect amity with the natives who did all they could to help

Part of the Mackenzie delta. The horizon of the Arctic Ocean can faintly be seen at the top right hand corner. *R.C.A.F.*

in whatever attempts we made to get to the eastward, and I cannot help saying here, that I never saw a finer body of men, nay women too, than I found the natives here, and I have often thought since my visit amongst them what a glorious expedition it would be to introduce the blessed Gospel among them.

At this time seeing no hope of getting eastward and the wind continuing northerly, I was compelled to turn back for the Mackenzie and my winter quarters thereon, which from gales of wind and the same impediments on our outward voyage we did not reach till Aug. 31st. 1850 with the ice making in shore and the temperature bitterly cold, but directly off the Mackenzie the sea was open.

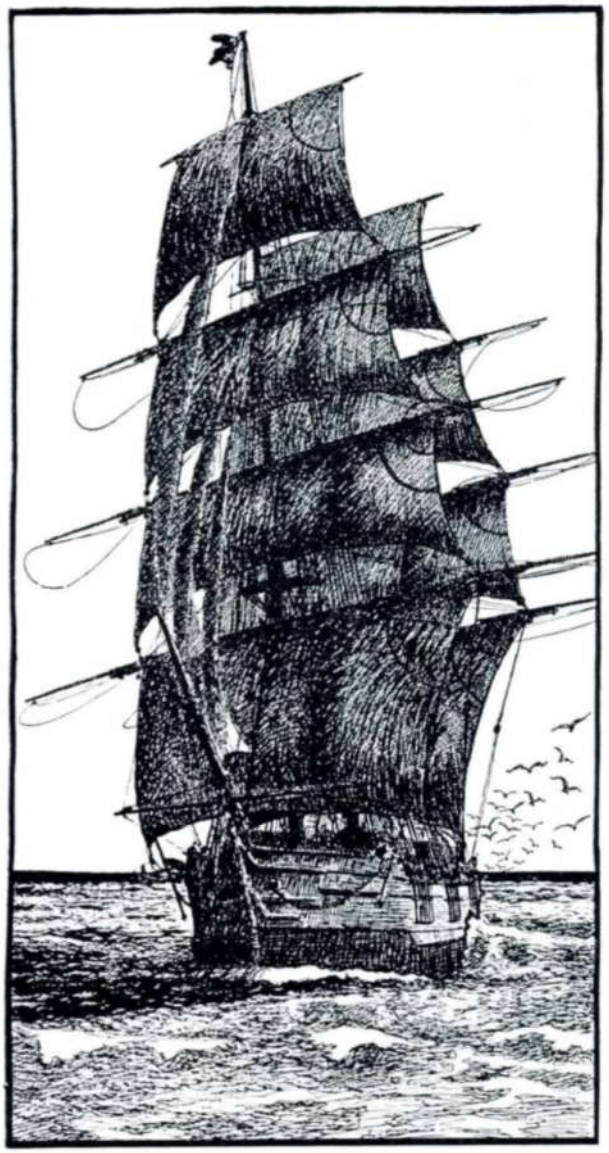
Thus for the third time and at different seasons of the years 1849 in Aug. and 1850 in July and Aug. which leads me to believe that here is to be found the most likely route to the Pole, and how bitterly have I always regretted that from the means I had, I could not follow out that route for a very long one always before me, before I could reach winter quarters, which I did not reach on this occasion until the 5th. Oct. when the ice was making fast in the river and we found it bitterly cold.

Chief Trader [John] Bell was now in charge of the district and I found here several bags of flour with a fresh supply of pemmican, making with him the arrangements for the disposal of the party viz. myself with Mr. Hooper (mate) and two marines to remain here. I sent the rest to the fishing station on the Great Slave Lake, hoping we should get over the winter better than the last with the addition of flour to our daily ration.

I now began to try and account for the state of the ice off the river Mackenzie that I learnt that eastward of it was another river called the "Inconnu" which Sir John Richardson named Beghula[3] discharging into the Arctic Sea as rapid a current as the Mackenzie. Thus with the Peel to westward of the Mackenzie, the mouth of the two main ones being I should say not more than ten miles apart, I can in some way account for the long stretch of open water, and in fact I am almost inclined to think it always so and say here it is the best route to the Pole. And with the means I have suggested for the work and steam launches taking up winter quarters either under Herschel Island or some of the islands directly off the river, the portion of that work I here propose might be reached by the gunboats in one season and the steam launches keeping the inshore portion of such work and ascending the rivers along the coast inshore.

Again, off this river on some of the islands a most eligible spot may be found by England if she intends joining in the international simultaneous observations in Arctic Regions as proposed by the discoverer of Franz Joseph Land,[4] also ballooning operations.

Now after passing a dull and uneventful winter here I set out once again with my party to York Factory on June 5th, 1851 with the brigade of boats under Chief Trader Bell and on Aug. 28th. reached that station, and on Sept. 9th. embarked at Hudson Bay



The *Prince of Wales*, second H B C ship of that name, on which Pullen sailed home from York Factory to England.
G. A. Cuthbertson

for England in the annual ship.[5] And now after having been so long in the Hudson Bay territory, having entered it from Arctic Seas via River Mackenzie and passing through the most northerly part to York Factory, Hudson Bay, I cannot leave it without bearing a most grateful testimony to the people we met in so large a territory, both of men and officers. Kindness and goodwill met us wherever we went and to particularize would hardly do when it was so universal.[6] But I cannot help saying that Dr. John Rae was everything you could meet from a brother and that he has won a name among explorers. Well pleased should I be to see him in charge in this scheme I here propose for reaching the Pole and final search eastward of Cape Bathurst.

I arrived in England just in time to see the last of the Great Exhibition, and again became a candidate for Arctic service hearing that one was to go forth under Sir Edward Belcher which was so disastrously wound up.

2. Very old ice, thought by some to be a relic of the Pleistocene age. See C. E. P. Brooks, *Climate through the Ages*, London, 1926.

3. "Abounding in the fish from which it is named ("toothless fish," *Salmo Mackenzii.*)"—*Richardson*. MacFarlane later named it the Anderson. It falls into Liverpool Bay.

4. Evidently an early forerunner of the Arctic Institute of North America.

5. The new *Prince of Wales*, which was only broken up in 1941. See the *Beaver*, March 1934, p. 42, and September 1941, p. 49.

6. A. R. Peers evidently failed to realize the Commander's kindly feelings towards H B C personnel. See the Packet note in this issue.

"If you are a horseman, the southern reaches will claim you." A typical scene in that tarn-filled, timberline country.

TWEEDSMUIR PARK

Pictures and Story by Clifford R. Kopas

The Tweedsmuir coat-of-arms.

TWEEDSMUIR Park is in British Columbia, lying just east of the crest of the Coast Range, and starting just over the rim of the Bella Coola Valley, which is about three hundred miles up-coast from Vancouver. For a hundred miles, the western confines of the park swing north along the very summits of the Coast Range; thence, west of Ootsa Lake, they sweep in majestic curves eastward and southward again to form a huge triangle, enclosing everything that the outdoorsman could ask.

If you are a horseman, the southern reaches will claim you—the southern reaches just above the Bella Coola Valley, with their ranching country that has never been ranched; with their Rainbow Mountains, where there are rainbows in the sky come rain, sun, cloud or sleet, their pack trails through the pungent pine forests, and up over huge meadows, above timberline, above the fly-line.

"If you are a canoeman, the broad northern shoulders of the park will appeal to you." Point Susan, named for Lady Tweedsmuir, on Intata Lake, where she and the Governor-General camped.

If you are a canoeman, the broad northern shoulders of the park will appeal to you—the north, with its endless varieties of streams, its three hundred and fifty miles of connected waterways, its thundering cascades, its placid lagoons, its reedy marshes where the waterfowl breed, its shining beaches.

If you are an Alpinist, looking for rocky crags lifting their perpendicular heights against the skies, the Coast Range, forming the western ramparts of the park, will claim you—the Coast Range, with its abrupt rocks, long glaciers, and snowy crags, with its feet in the ocean and its head in the skies.

If you are a hunter, any part of the park could claim you. Remote from centres of population, and, until recently, relatively inaccessible, this area has been a natural game sanctuary. Forage is everywhere abundant, and the lowland forests give winter protection, while nearby windswept uplands give summer refuge from flies. The extensive watering-places, the solitude, make it the natural breeding-place of moose

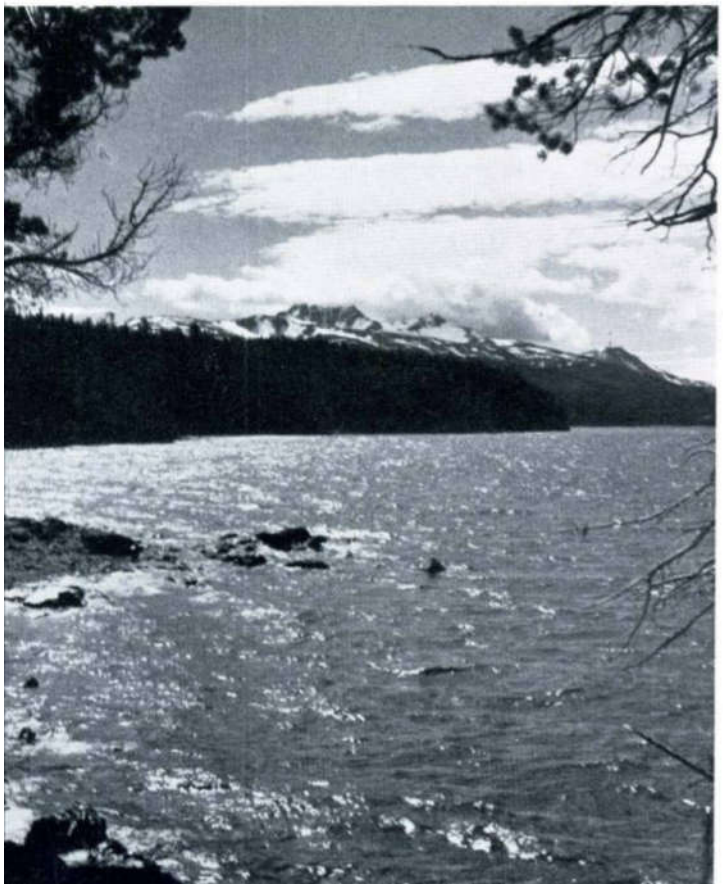
"Or if you're a fisherman, there are streams that have never known the faint hiss of a cast." Here are Tetachuk Falls.

Up above the fly-line, two bare-legged equestriennes gaze across the Bella Coola valley from the southern tip of Tweedsmuir Park.

and deer, bear and wapiti. Tweedsmuir Park today carries you back to your grandfather's time when game was around every corner.

Or, if you're a fisherman, there are streams that have never known the faint hiss of a cast, there are lakes that have never reflected a trolling lure, and they are all full of fighters.

Beyond the sparkling waters of Whitesail Lake lies the cloud-capped Chikamin range.



But Tweedsmuir Park is not all bright skies and easy living. Autumn gales sometimes put windfalls criss-crossed over the trails; heavy rainfalls make the streams high, the quaggy places soft; lashing winds sometimes keep the canoes well up on the beach for days on end. For any adventurer in Tweedsmuir Park, be he equestrian, canoeist, Alpinist or fisherman, Nature may prove a fickle mistress, driving him to shelter with storms, holding him there for days with lowering, weeping clouds—then encouraging him with a few hours of clearing skies, then sweeping in the clouds and storm again.

This area has been a land of adventure since the foot of white man first trod the soil of British Columbia. In 1793 that doughty adventurer, Alexander Mackenzie, went across the southern tip of the park on his historic overland trip to the Pacific Ocean. After crossing the Rockies, Mackenzie led his men up the Blackwater River, through the Indian village of Algatcho, over the Dean River, and up through the Rainbow Mountains to the rim of the Bella Coola Valley. He descended the valley, with high praise for the beauties of nature, and reached the sea at the mouth of the Bella Coola.

Other fur traders followed, and land seekers. In 1874, as part of C.P.R. exploration, a route was surveyed through to Dean Channel; in 1912 a land-rush to Ootsa Lake occurred, and the year following, the Grand Trunk Pacific put a line just north of Ootsa Lake. Also, a route was surveyed by an English railway company for a road through to Bella Coola, but the outbreak of the first World War put English activity in other directions. Part of the right-of-way which this company chopped clear is still discernible near Algatcho, but the pack-horse train still carries most of the freight.

In 1936 the British Columbia Government reserved fifty-four hundred square miles of this territory for posterity, and Tweedsmuir Park came into being.

The government named it in honour of the then Governor-General of Canada, John Buchan, Lord Tweedsmuir. Next year, Lord and Lady Tweedsmuir, as guests of the British Columbia Government, explored the park by saddle-horse, aeroplane and boat, and their enthusiastic reports led to a great impetus of travel there.

The outbreak of war again brought pleasure travel to a virtual stop; but now that peace has again been brought about, there is a resurgence of interest in this northern wonderland.

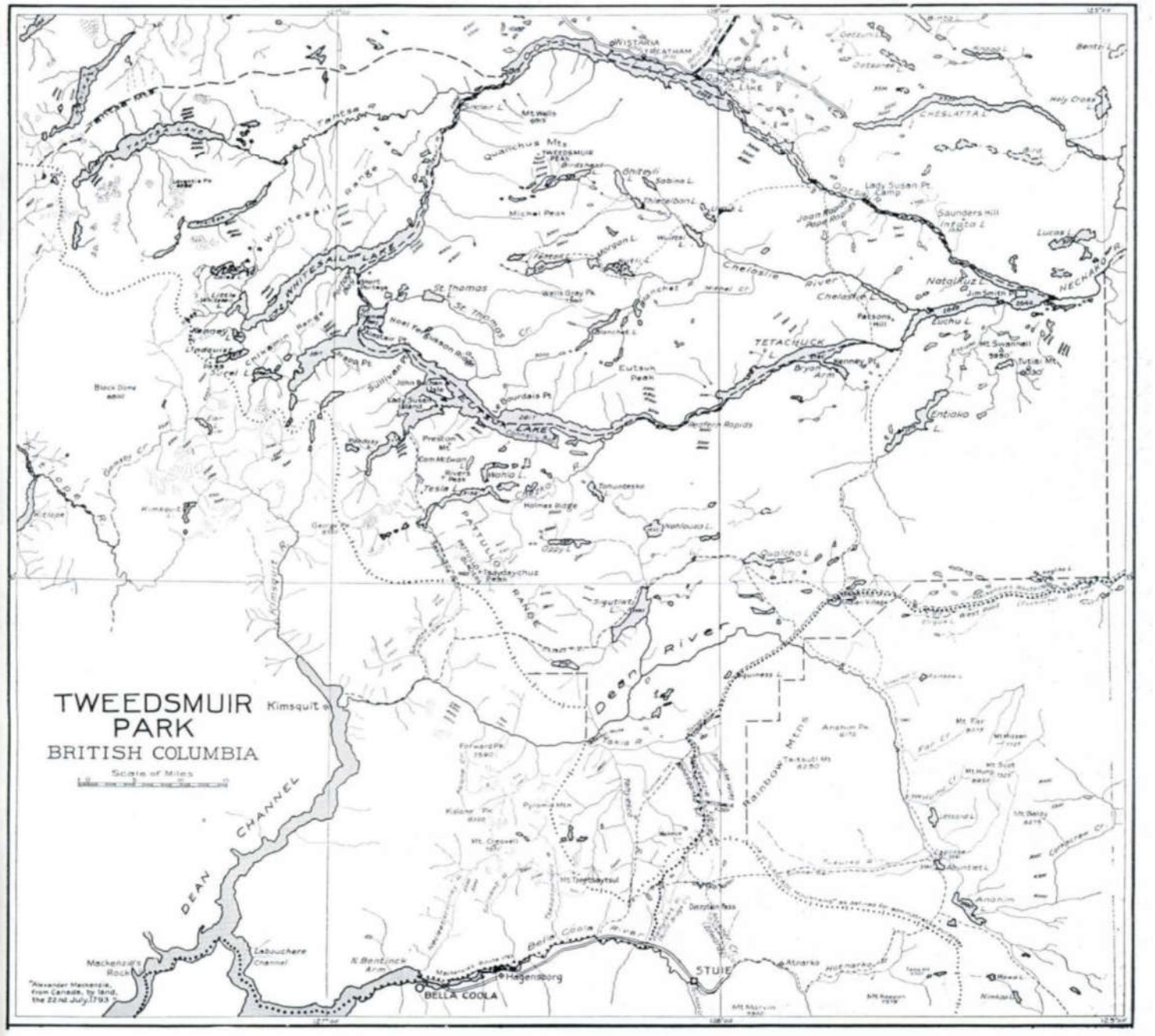
There are four ways of access to the park. From the south the gateway is Bella Coola. Entrance by this route is preceded by a leisurely voyage up the placid inside channels of the Pacific Coast (from Vancouver), and a motor trip up the beautiful Bella Coola valley. Horses and outfits are engaged and the climb into the clouds above the valley takes you into the park. From the east the park is available by pack-trains from Anahim Lake. Drive by motor through the Chilcoten Plateau, get your pack-trains and guides at Anahim Lake, and ride into the land of the Painted Peaks.

From the north you gain access to the park through Burns Lake, on the C.N.R. You may reach Burns Lake by rail or by highway, and from there go by automobile to Ootsa Lake, were you can literally step right from your automobile into the boat that will take you over the three hundred and fifty miles of enchanted waterways.

The fourth route is from the air. With lakes scattered all over the park, with lakes for emergency landings, with lagoons providing shelter for anchored planes, with plenty of room for take-offs, that country is "a natural" for flying. As the park is only a few hundred miles from the big centres of Vancouver and Seattle, it is as certain as tomorrow that, mixed with the whine of outboard motors and the creaking of pack-trains, the drone of planes will be heard in Tweedsmuir Park.

I first became acquainted with the territory in 1933. Then, as the completion of a honeymoon trip from Calgary, Alberta, to the Pacific Coast, my bride and I followed Mackenzie's trail up the Blackwater River to the Indian village of Algatcho. There was no one

The boundaries of Tweedsmuir Park are shown by a broken line on north and east, and by a dotted line on south and west.



Fish Lake, in the southern reaches of the park, is well named.

there except an exceedingly wrinkled hag who knew enough English only to show us to the meadow (to pasture our horses) and to accept the grouse we gave her with thanks. We crossed the Dean River amidst a blaze of autumn colours, and several days later we rode out on the brink of the Bella Coola Valley.

It was one of the most glorious sights in a fifteen hundred mile pack-train journey through the mountains. Four thousand feet down—and as straight down as even a mountain trail could be—the level floor of the valley was another world. Where we were was an alpine world with heather and larch and jack-pine. Down there were the heavy forests, the lush vegetation of the coastal valley. We could see, dwarfed by the depth, doll-like clearings and buildings, and ant-like animals out at browse. Across from us a magnificent mountain carried a mantle of eternal snow, while its sides were garbed in bright fall colours. In the dreamy afternoon air; silver clouds floated at various strata below us. It was the most beautiful sight we saw in four months of travel among rare scenic loveliness.

Then again, in 1934, as part of a medical expedition to the Algatcho Indians, we visited their village and went to their camps. We saw them at home, these colourful horsemen of Tweedsmuir Park, and knew them as part of the country.

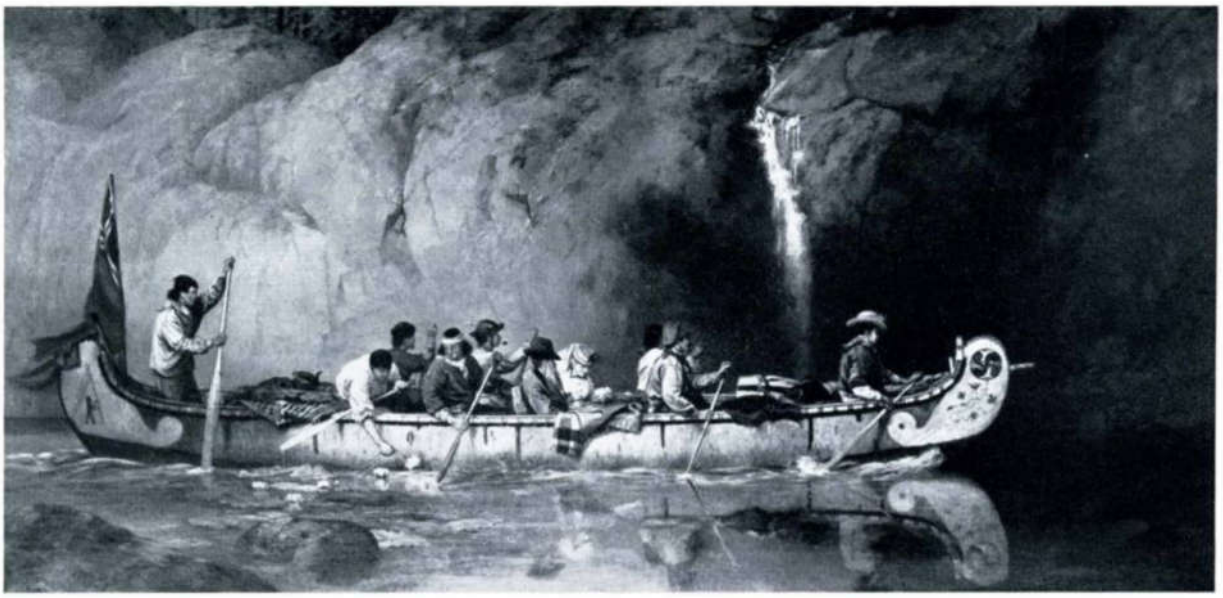
In 1937 a trip by saddle and pack through the southern part of the park took Harold Giles and myself to Tetachuck Lake, where we embarked on wet and hilarious adventures on the lakes and rivers in a one-man canvas boat, into which we crowded two men and two hundred and fifty pounds of camp-gear. The special providence that looks after such *cheechakos* was worked overtime for the next three weeks. But we'd go back again, on the feeblest excuse.

Since then we have kept the trails stirred up. Wartime shortages of film and equipment held us down a little, and the war turned our energies in other directions. But the lure of the park is strong.

We have lived in this beautiful trench cut through the Coast Range, this Bella Coola Valley. We have seen men (and women) come out of Tweedsmuir Park with trophies of big game, with trophies of wondrous photographs. We have shared with them memories of the enchanted places. Soon, we shall have more memories to add to them. For soon, we're going back.

Some of the colourful inhabitants of Algatcho (Ulkatcho) Indian village, through which Mackenzie passed in 1793.

A horsewoman pauses to look down thousands of feet into the beautiful coastal valley of the Bella Coola.



This painting by Mrs. Hopkins, one of four large canvases in the Public Archives of Canada, is generally supposed to represent Lord and Lady Monck in a Company canoe. Dr. Nute, however, identifies the passengers as the artist and her husband.

VOYAGEURS' ARTIST

by Grace Lee Nute

AN artist of rare ability and penetrating vision traversed the highways of the voyageurs in the middle of last century, sketching as she went. It is time that her sketches, paintings, and engravings should be brought to the attention of all who would understand our North American wildernesses, their fluid highways, and the voyageurs whose birch-bark canoes sped over them in days gone by. For she, perhaps best of all early artists, has preserved the voyageur and his habitat most beautifully—and at the same time most accurately.

Frances Ann (Beechey) Hopkins was born in England on February 2, 1838, the daughter of a truly rich heritage. Her father was Rear Admiral Frederick William Beechey (1796-1856), who, in 1828, married Charlotte Stapleton, daughter of Lt.-Col. Stapleton, of Thorpe Lee. Her paternal grandfather was Sir Willam Beechey (1753-1839), the famous portrait painter.

About 1858 Frances Beechey married Edward Martin Hopkins, the private secretary of Sir George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had several children. At least two of her step-grandchildren are still living, and have generously supplied biographical data about the family, copies of Mrs. Hopkins' pictures, and even an original or two.

Until she married, the artist had little if any formal art training; but the artistic eye of her grandfather was her natural inheritance. Her father, better known as an explorer, was also no mean artist. She, like her grandfather, was a continuous exhibitor in the Royal Academy in London. In fact, she is said to have held the record for women painters in the number of her pieces accepted by that institution.

Her step-granddaughter remembers her as a dainty little lady with beautiful white hair—of which she was very proud—very vivacious, and loving to entertain. She also had an ability pleasing to the little granddaughter, that of making fascinating little toys.

Her husband, Edward Martin Hopkins, was the grandson of Martin Hopkins, of the Royal Navy, who served under the great Nelson; and the eldest son of Martin Edward Hopkins, a London business man. Martin Edward Hopkins married an heiress of Devonshire, Ann Manley. Their son, the artist's husband, went to Canada as a young man in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1841 he, as personal secretary, accompanied Sir George Simpson on his memorable trip across the North American continent to California and on to the Hawaiian Islands, where Hopkins had a brother in the service of the local potentate, King Kamehameha. (Another brother, the father of the famous poet, Gerard Manley Hopkins, was King Kamehameha's consul-general and representative in London.) There are a number of references to Hopkins in Simpson's *An Overland Journey Round the World During the Years 1841 and 1842*, one stating that the secretary was left in charge of Fort Nisqually while Simpson went on to Alaska.

Simpson travelled around the globe on this trip, but Hopkins turned back from Honolulu, recrossed North America, and continued on to London. However, there was an attraction now in Canada, and Hopkins soon returned there to marry Anne, the daughter of Captain Isaac Ogden, of "The Pompadours" (the 56th Foot), who was also the niece of the renowned Chief Factor, Peter Skene Ogden.

Three children were born of this union, all sons. The youngest was born at Lachine in 1853. Soon Mrs. Hopkins and the children went to England; but before Hopkins could join them, his wife died of cholera, then raging in London.

Probably because Admiral Beechey was or had been president of the Royal Geographic Society, and so meeting and perhaps occasionally entertaining world

"Lake Superior," a coloured steel engraving, depicts three North canoes gliding through the mist. Again the passengers in the nearest canoe appear to be Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins.

travellers, the globe-trotter secretary met the Beechey daughter, Frances Ann. He married her about 1858. The entire family, i.e., Hopkins, his children and his new wife, then went to Canada, where Mrs. Hopkins, despite her devotion to her young stepsons, travelled much over the continent with her husband. Among other journeys, she accompanied the Wolseley, or Red River expedition of 1870. Her sketch books, preserved in the Public Archives of Canada at Ottawa, date certain interesting canoe sketches as September, 1866. Obviously voyageurs and birch bark canoes appealed powerfully to her, if one may judge by her numerous sketches, water colours, and oils of them.

It was probably in the 1870's that Hopkins retired from the Hudson's Bay Company's service and returned with his family to England. At first they lived in London, but later they had a country home in Oxfordshire. Summers were spent in France, and many of Mrs. Hopkins' paintings relate to that country. She continued to go there until 1914 and the outbreak of the first World War. Her husband had died in 1894 and she had moved back to London, to an apartment in Hampstead, where she died in 1918.

Most of Mrs. Hopkins' finished travel pictures in water-colours and other media were not given titles by her, though they are usually signed with her initials, F. A. H. Several of them seem to come from the so-called Red River Expedition under Col. G. J. Wolseley in 1870. This was the time of the first Riel Rebellion in Canada and troops were sent to Manitoba under Colonel Wolseley. They journeyed by steamer as far as possible, that is, to Prince Arthur's Landing, now Port Arthur, on Lake Superior. The remainder of the trip was by the age-old canoe route of the French, British, and American fur traders, that is, up the Kaministiquia River, past Kakabeka Falls, through lakes and in streams as far as Lac la Croix on the old Grand Portage route forming Minnesota's northern boundary today; thence through Rainy Lake and down Rainy River to Lake of the Woods, down the Winnipeg River to Lake Winnipeg, and up the Red River of the North to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg.

Mrs. Hopkins was the only woman of the expedition. So the pictures—which often show a woman in modish dress of the day in a canoe—are almost surely autobiographical. One fellow traveller on the expedition

Camping in the rain. Another of Mrs. Hopkins' large paintings which is full of illuminating detail. *Public Archives of Canada*

has this to say of her: "One of our party that morning was a lady (the only one that accompanied the expedition), who had bravely followed her husband and shared his canoe through all the perils and fatigues of the journey." We may assume, therefore, that we have likenesses of both Hopkins and his wife in the detailed paintings of this expedition. He appears much older than she, as indeed he was; and he is always represented as enjoying the comforts of smoking a long-stemmed pipe.

One very appealing picture, which has been reproduced many times, shows a typical bark canoe, beautifully decorated in bow and stern, manned by eight voyageurs, passing the foot of a great shoulder of rock, down which runs a rill in successive waterfalls. A few spruces or balsams can be glimpsed above the rock. White water-lilies are attracting the attention of Mrs. Hopkins, for whom a voyageur is picking lilies, while Hopkins looks on, smoking his pipe. The whole conception of the picture is faithful to reality, yet most artistic. Even the reflection of the canoe and its occupants in the clear waters of some northern lake is perfection itself.

Another piece of beauty is a coloured steel engraving entitled, "Lake Superior." It shows three canoes entering the mist of the lake, while the ever-present gulls of that great inland sea hover about. The same man and woman of the water-lily picture ride as passengers in the nearest bark canoe. Every detail of voyageur canoe life is perfect, down to the length of the paddles, the cup on the belt of one voyageur (which reappears, incidentally, in the "water-lily" picture), the extra tackle, etc. It was painted, according to printed data, by E. Hopkins, engraved by Charles Mattram, published by M. Knoedler & Company of New York and Goupil & Company of Paris and London on November 1, 1873.

One of her most carefully detailed paintings is an oil, 36 inches by 60 inches, which shows a portage on the Red River Expedition. Somehow the topography suggests the vicinity of Kakabeka Falls. It is a scene of confusion, as boats with sails await their turn to be hauled up over a corduroy portage path, bypassing a small waterfall in a mountainous terrain. The lady in the canoe is wearing the same headdress as in the two pictures already described.

Above: Patching a canoe at night. Note the unusual pointed stern peak. Left: Making a portage during the Red River Expedition. The canoe is probably that in which Mrs. Hopkins travelled. *Public Archives of Canada*

Still another oil is, in my estimation, the best representation of a camping scene yet found in all paintings of canoe travel. The canoe already described is seen tipped over on its side by the shore of a lake, while in the distance are two other canoes in similar position. Beneath one canoe sleeps a tired voyageur. Other voyageurs are gathering wood for a fire in the immediate foreground, or, perchance, for one farther in the distance on the rock-strewn shore. Men are cooking over both fires. The kind of axe used on such expeditions, the long-handled frying pan, the kettle for the voyageur's "porridge," and many other customary utensils are depicted realistically. A trunk, a hamper, Indian birch-bark vessels, paddles, and so forth are scattered about on the shingle beach of what is surely Lake Superior. On a low rock in the lake itself stands a man shading his eyes with his hand as he peers into the distance, perhaps watching for the appearance of still another canoe. He is wearing on his hat some mosquito netting, but it is thrown back while he stands reflected in the clear, still water. Mrs. Hopkins' water reflections are characteristic of her style, and done with ability and artistic precision.

Another picture is an unusual one. It represents a night scene in a dense forest. A camp-fire glows, throwing the nearest branches of evergreen trees into high relief. About the camp-fire sit three men. Two are voyageurs, as their moccasins proclaim. The third is a heavy-set man with sideburns, probably a passenger. It is the same man who appears in still another of Mrs. Hopkins' pictures, to be mentioned hereafter. Mending an overturned bark canoe, with a piece of birch bark and a torch for melting gum and producing light, are

three typical voyageurs. Under the canoe two hampers are faintly visible.

In Ottawa the tradition is that the man and woman passengers in the canoe scenes are Lord and Lady Monck. Viscount Charles Stanley Monck was governor-general of British North America from 1861 to 1867. In the Hopkins family the tradition is otherwise. A granddaughter writes: "Under separate cover I enclose the following: (*a*) Four photographs of oil paintings by F. A. Hopkins, now in the Archives Hall, Ottawa. One is of the Red River Expedition. The coloring of the night scene is particularly lovely with rich reds and browns. These pictures were formerly the property of Lord Wolseley (an old friend of the Hopkins family), and his daughter presented them to the Government of Canada." Since the oil known to depict Wolseley's expedition shows the same woman passenger who appears in at least two of the other pictures, and as Mrs. Hopkins was the only woman on that expedition, the evidence seems clear that most of the undated canoe scenes are from the same expedition. It is doubtful, moreover, that the young wife and the elderly husband shown in these pictures in a canoe on Lake Superior and even farther afield could be the busy governor-general and his wife. Women as a rule did not go on canoe trips of such length in the 1860's. The sketches of 1866, on the other hand, may well be of a trip on which Lord and Lady Monck were passengers, for they represent scenes near Montreal.

The last of the oils in the Ottawa archives is one of dashing action and intense excitement. It represents a canoe descending rapids of some length and great current, which come out of a great lake, perhaps Lake Superior. Two men and two women ride as passengers in the bark vessel, apparently enjoying to the full the thrills of running white water. One man appears to be the heavy set man of Mrs. Hopkins' night scene. One is the individual I have identified as Mr. Hopkins. The inevitable pipe and wide-brimmed hat are present

The water-colour sketch of a bow paddler, or foreman, referred to below.

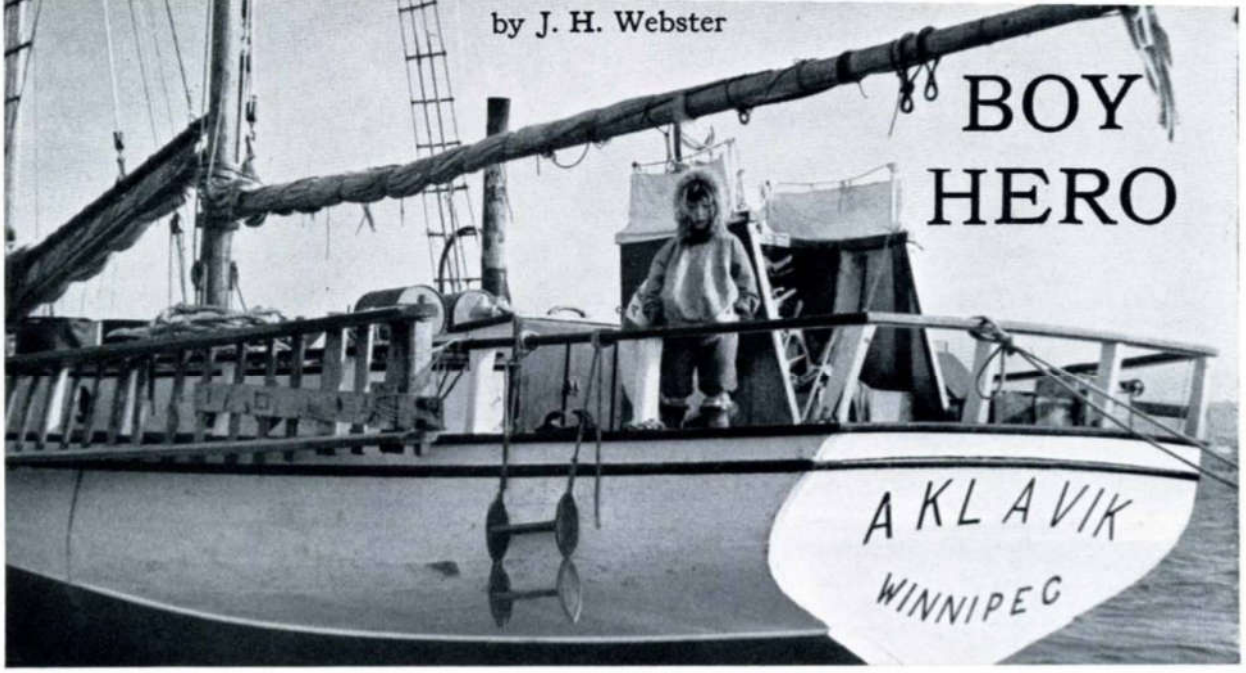
once more. There are fourteen voyageurs, all of whom are certainly painted from life, so distinct is the delineation of features. The faces of the two women are partially hidden, but again one of them seems to be the usual companion of the pipe-smoking gentleman of the other scenes. Those who are accustomed to white-water canoeing know instantly whether an artist has been a participant in that agreeable but dangerous sport. Only one who has dashed down many rapids in a canoe could have painted this animated scene.

Then there is the charming little water colour sketch, temporarily in my possession. It may well have been a sketch intended to keep in mind the details of a particular voyageur and his canoeing methods. It shows him seated in the bow of a canoe, paddling. Every colour stroke fulfills its function. Nothing is superfluous. The whole effect is delightful. I have copied it by colour photography for my own too-small library of genuine representations of voyageurs done from life. There are few such pictures in existence. For that reason Mrs. Hopkins' beautiful and authoritative works are the more valuable.

A birch-bark canoe of the largest type, seating four abreast amidships, begins the descent of some rapids. The fifth of the large Hopkins canvases in the Public Archives at Ottawa.

by J. H. Webster

BOY HERO



Donald Ayalik on the *Aklavik* in 1938. He also appears on the cover of the *Beaver* for March 1939, and on page 47 of the September 1946 issue.

MANY brave deeds have been recorded in the annals of the Arctic, but the heroism of individual Eskimos has gone almost unnoticed. Perhaps one of the most outstanding deeds in Arctic history was performed by Donald Ayalik, an Eskimo lad of fourteen years, who last year tried three times to rescue his foster father, Patsy Klengenberg, from the burning schooner *Aklavik*.

The *Aklavik*, a veteran of the Northwest Passage, owned and operated by Patsy Klengenberg, had been chartered by the Hudson's Bay Company to take much needed supples to their King William Island post. On Friday, August 30, 1946, after battling heavy ice in the Queen Maud Sea, she arrived at Cambridge Bay. All day Saturday she took on supplies, and late that evening she left the wharf and anchored in the bay. It was Patsy's intention to leave for King William Island about five o'clock next morning.

It is believed now that Patsy arose at four o'clock and began a minor repair on the engine's clutch, prior to sailing. But shortly after four he awakened his adopted son Donald and two other members of his native crew, told them there was a fire in the engine room, and advised them to get ashore with all speed. After that Patsy was not again seen alive.

When Donald reached the deck, he noticed that Patsy was nowhere to be seen, and concluded that he must be trapped in the engine room. The engine room by then was a raging inferno, but that did not prevent Donald from trying to enter. Flames and heat drove him back. But his foster father, he thought, lay somewhere insensible in that holocaust, and he must try again. So a second time he made the attempt; and for the second time he was driven back.

He was now quite badly burned, but summoning all his young courage, he forced himself for the third time to enter that blazing room. It was no use. He could see nothing but smoke and flames, and at last he had to abandon his efforts.

A few minutes later there was a terrific explosion.

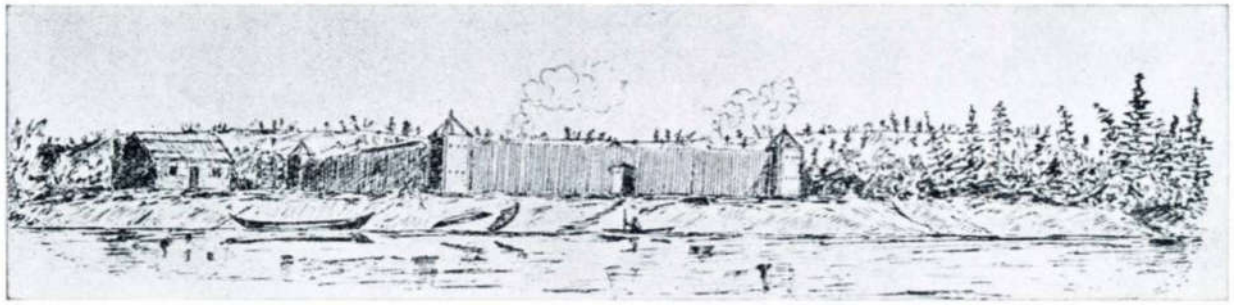
The noise awakened everyone in the settlement, and "Scotty" Gall, the Hudson's Bay post manager, at once sped out to the *Aklavik* in his boat. He found Donald in a terribly burned condition, and after taking him off and rendering first aid, he repeatedly called Coppermine radio station for help, until he made contact about nine a.m.

L. A. Learmonth, district inspector for the Company at Coppermine, was advised of the accident, and also of Donald's major burns. Coppermine was then asked to contact Yellowknife and arrange for a C.P.A.L. plane to leave immediately for Cambridge Bay and fly the injured lad to hospital. Chief Pilot Capt. Ernie Boffa left Yellowknife at 11.30 a.m. in a Norseman plane. He arrived at Coppermine about three, and after refueling, left for Cambridge Bay with L. A. Learmonth and myself.

Donald, we found, was severely burned over the whole back and trunk, limbs and face. Dr. Stanton later classified them as seventy to seventy-five percent burns. Thanks to the speedy transport of the air, Donald was delivered in Yellowknife at 12.30 p.m. Monday. He received treatment at "Con" Hospital there for six weeks, and then was flown to the Charles Camsell Indian and Eskimo Hospital in Edmonton, where he is undergoing further treatment. The medical director of that hospital, Dr. Meltzer, has reported that he is a grand patient, and although he has required a great deal of attention and expense, he is worth it all.

There are not many boys of Donald's age who would have so heroically entered such an inferno, even to try and save the life of one he dearly loved. At first it was believed he would never recover from his burns; but there is little doubt that some of the same spirit of fortitude he showed in trying to rescue his foster father is again standing him in good stead during his long fight for recovery.

Thirteen days after the loss of the *Aklavik*, the body of Patsy Klengenberg was found in the bay. It is believed that he must have perished when he tried to swim to shore, as there were no marks of burns on his body. Meanwhile, the boy who tried so desperately to save him from the flames is recovering step by step. He is far from his beloved Arctic, but one day he will return. And before he does, it is hoped that wide recognition will be given his heroic feat, through an award by some organization such as the Royal Humane Society.



Fort Yukon. One of the sketches which illuminate the pages of Murray's journal, and illustrate this article.

FOUNDING FORT YUKON

by Clifford Wilson

One hundred years ago this month, Alexander Hunter Murray established the Company's most westerly fort.

FORT Yukon was remarkable for two reasons— it was the Hudson's Bay Company's most westerly fur trade post, and it was built in Russian territory. The story of its foundation, told by its builder, is especially interesting because it is related, not in an official report to London, but in the form of a personal letter, illustrated with little sketches made on the spot.

Alexander Hunter Murray, Fort Yukon's founder, was a Scot from Argyllshire, who joined the Company at Fort Garry in 1846, after seeing service in the United States with the American Fur Company. His experience and ability entitled him to the rank of senior clerk—though he was only 28 at the time—and he was appointed to the Mackenzie River district under Chief Trader Murdo (or Murdoch) McPherson. On his way to district headquarters at Fort Simpson, he met Anne, daughter of Chief Trader Colin Campbell, and they were married at Fort Simpson by McPherson.

When he left on his honeymoon trip that summer, bound down the Mackenzie for Fort McPherson, Murray was doubtless armed with his orders to establish a fort near the junction of the Porcupine and Yukon Rivers. Two years earlier, Chief Trader John Bell had reached that junction, travelling from Fort McPherson on the Peel by way of the Bell and Porcupine. But no fort had been erected there. To do that was to take a bold step, for the mouth of the Porcupine was well inside the boundary of Russian America. In 1839, the Russian American Company and the Hudson's Bay Company had signed an agreement, the second article of which read: "It is further agreed that the Hudson's Bay Company shall not trade with the Indians nor receive in trade or barter nor hunt any furs or peltries on any part of the Russian territory on the northwest coast or islands than that ceded to them under the provisions of the foregoing article." The mouth of the Porcupine is of course far from the northwest coast, but it is close to the 145th meridian, and the treaty of 1825 had fixed the boundary along the 141st meridian. Murray knew, then, that he would be building on Russian territory, and the realization of that fact caused him no little anxiety, as will be seen by his account.

On June 11, 1847, he left Fort McPherson with his assistant Alexander McKenzie, eight men, and one woman (not his wife). He also took along two Peel's River men and four Indians to help carry the packs across the swamps and mountains to La Pierre's House. It was only a sixty-mile trip, but the going was difficult. "We waded most of the way knee deep," says Murray, describing the first day's travel, "but often to the middle in sludge and water . . . the mosquitoes had already begun their ravages." This is the first, but by no means the last, time that he refers to these omnipresent pests, which torment all summer travellers in that part of the world.

After four hours, they reached the top of the nearest hills. Murray then pushed on with an Indian and a breed named Manuel (probably the Manuel referred to by A. R. Peers, in a packet note in this issue), who was the best walker among the men. Each of them carried a forty-pound pack, besides his own provisions. On the second day they crossed the "Rocky Mountains," as Murray calls them, and on the third made the difficult fording of the swollen Bell's River.

Murray has left us a detailed sketch of this hazardous operation, which shows himself wading through the icy river, aided by Manuel. The sketch is exceptionally interesting, in that it depicts the type of clothes and equipment of a Hudson's Bay trader a

Part of the map from Richardson's *Boat Journey*, 1851. Fort Yukon (not shown) is near the junction of the Yukon and Porcupine.

century ago. From the reproduction of the sketch herewith it will be seen that Murray wore what appears to be almost a military uniform—complete with flat-crowned peaked cap—carried his gun in a decorated gun coat (probably of moose hide) and wore a knapsack on his back. Manuel wore a capote with a sash in which he carried a small Hudson's Bay axe, leggings with a flap down the outside edge, and a powder horn over his right shoulder—which suggests that he was left handed. His pack was melon-shaped, and carried by a tumpline only. Murray explains that Manuel had lost his gun and bonnet—probably a wool tuque—when he was fording the river and was carried away by the current.

Not until the fourth day of travel did the three men reach La Pierre's House. There Murray was welcomed by his bride, whom he had brought across by dog team from Fort McPherson early in April, when the marshes and streams were still frozen. "Once more alongside my young wife," he writes, "before a table well replenished with venison steaks, and the usual accompaniments, the fatigues of the journey were soon forgotten."

Four days later, however, he was again on the move, leaving his wife at La Pierre's House for more than a year—a year that was to be full of activity, anxiety, and achievement.

He and his party set off down the Bell (or the Rat, as he calls it) in a York boat, the *Pioneer* (construction of which had just been finished by "Inkstir the boat-builder"), loaded with a few provisions and trade goods, as well as with all the implements and ironware necessary for the building of a large fort. Following the tortuous course of the river, which Murray carefully plotted by means of a homemade "binnicle" fixed in the stern sheets, they arrived next day at the junction of the Bell and the Porcupine. There they found a band of Indians camped, who "already knew the object of our going to the Youcon." But Murray adds that "they appeared to care very little about it. I gave each a small piece of tobacco, and they promised to take provisions to the houses in the fall. They commenced to dance, but we could remain no longer, and left them 'going it' on the bank." Dancing, it appears from his frequent references to it, was one of the favourite pastimes of these Yukon Indians.

Fifty miles before he actually crossed the boundary line, Murray reckoned that he was in Russian America. He had been on the lookout, as he sailed down the Porcupine, for possible fort sites, "should it so happen that we are compelled to retreat upon our own territory."* After a week of voyaging, he finally arrived at the Porcupine's mouth, and "entered the turbid waters of the Youcon."

Local Indians told him that there was no high land farther down, so "the bows of the *Pioneer* were turned up stream, and all in good spirits at being so near *home*, we pushed on at a great rate for some time following to the sou'west behind an island, but on reaching the upper end, we joined the main channel, and met the full force of a *Youcon current;* that of the MacKenzie is nothing to it; it was with much difficulty—at certain places—we could make any way against it with the oars; the banks are so overhanging, thickly wooded, and chocked with fallen trees, that tracking was equally laborious, and the water too deep in most places for using poles."

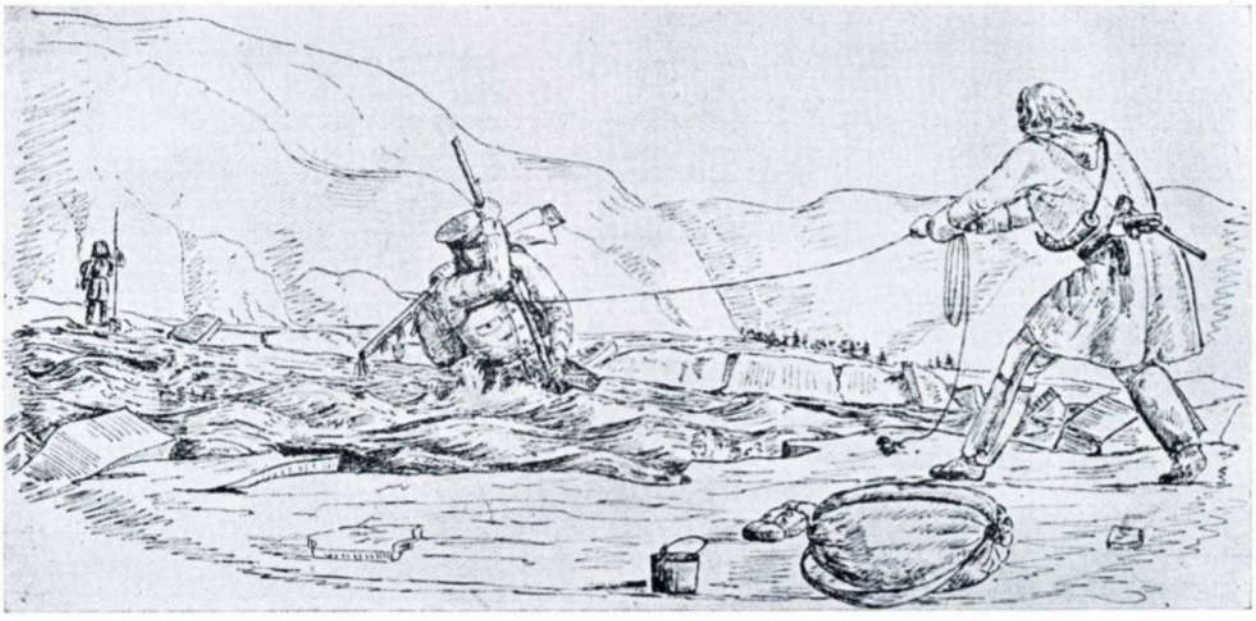
Soon they tried camping, but the mosquitoes were too much for them:

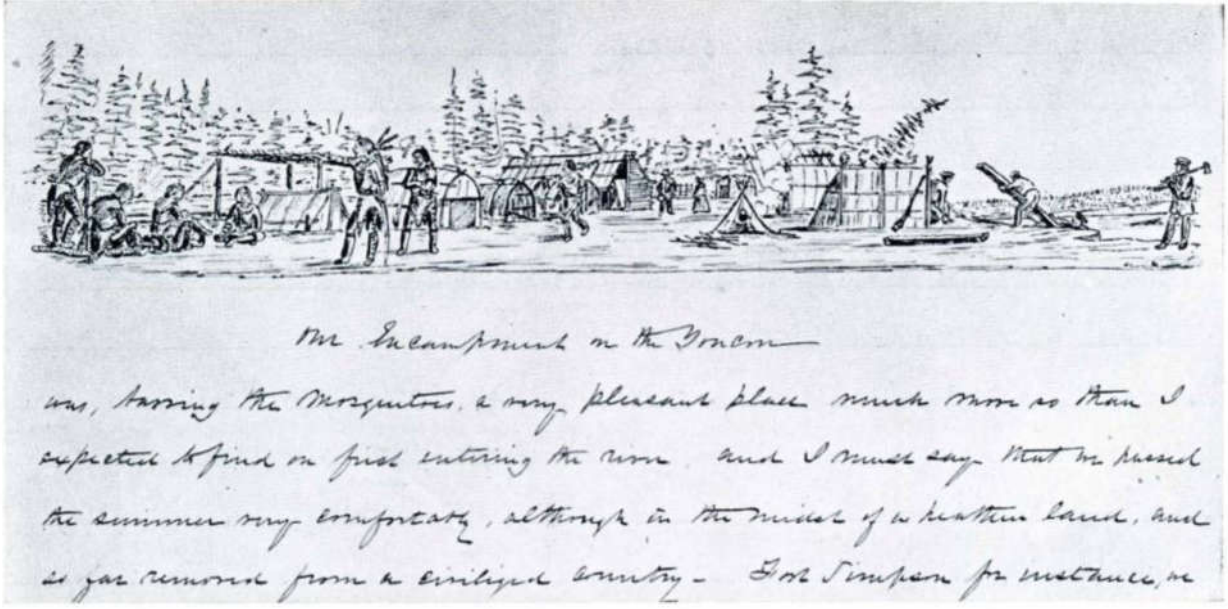
> "I have been in the swamps of Lake Ponchartrain and the Balize [Louisiana]," wrote Murray, "along the Red River (Texas) and most parts of that 'Gullinipper' country, but never experienced anything like this; we could neither speak nor breathe without our mouths being filled with them, close your eyes, and you had fast half a dozen, fires were lit all around, but of no avail. Rather than be devoured, the men, fatigued as they were, preferred stemming the current a little longer, to reach a dry and open spot a little further on, of which the Indians informed us. Another half hour's hard tugging brought us to it, and we camped on the banks of the Youcon. I must say, as I sat smoking my pipe and my face besmeared with tobacco juice to keep at bay the d—d mosquitos still hovering in clouds around me, that my first impressions of the Youcon were anything but favourable. As far as we had come (2¼ miles) I never saw an uglier river."

Next morning he began to look for a suitable building site. The one he chose was a dry ridge about 300 yards long and 90 wide, some three miles above the mouth of the Porcupine, on the east bank of the Yukon. The following day was Sunday, June 27, and on that day the first rough dwellings of willow poles covered with spruce bark were erected on the site of the future fort.

*All unidentified quotations in this article are from Murray's journal. They should be read with a broad West Highland accent.

Manuel pulling Murray across the Bell River. Note the details of costume and equipment.





A section of the journal, showing how the sketches formed part of it. The whereabouts of the original is now unknown.
Courtesy Mrs. J. D. Ruttan

While the men worked at providing this temporary shelter, Murray and his interpreter talked with a local Indian chief. This man had met the Russians on the lower Yukon; reported that they had great quantities of beads, kettles, guns, powder, knives, and pipes; and gave the Scotsman the disquieting information that he "expected to see the Russians here soon, as they had promised to come up with *two boats*, not only to trade but to explore this river to its source."

"This was not very agreeable news to me," Murray continues, "knowing that we were on their land, but I kept my thoughts to myself, and determined to keep a sharp lookout in case of surprise. Mr. McKenzie and I divided the night watch between us, a rule laid down and strictly adhered to when Indians were with us."

Early next morning, Murray must have thought his fears were actually realized, for he was awakened by musket shots down on the river. Everyone was on his feet in an instant, and three shots were fired in return by the white men. Then twenty canoes hove in sight round the point.

To the traders' intense relief, the occupants were Indians, not Russians, and they brought fresh meat and dried fish. In all there were about forty of them—men, women, and children—under command of a young chief. "I gave each of the *men* three inches of tobacco to smoke before we commenced with the *speechifying*. They immediately formed into a circle and began to sing and dance at a *furious rate*, expressive of their joy at seeing us." Later in the day another party arrived: "They hauled up their canoes a short distance below, and formed on the bank in 'Indian file,' the chief in front, the women and children in the rear, and danced forward by degrees until in front of the tent, where they were joined by the first party, formed into a large circle, with the two chiefs in the centre, and continued dancing and singing without intercession for upwards of half an hour. A small piece of tobacco, the same as before, was given to each of those last come, and a larger piece to the chief, a fine looking young man, easily distinguished from the others by his eagle feathers and a greater profusion of beads on his dress."

After the principal chief had made his harangue, he called upon the "White Chief" to speak. Murray told them why he had come, and of course felt obliged to make some derogatory remarks—as was usual in the fur trade—about his rivals. "I told them we were a different nation from the *Whites* some of them had seen farther down the river last summer, these people only came once a year to take away their furs, and cheat them with useless goods, what we brought were good—guns, knives, and everything else—and we meant to live always amongst them, but this year, we had only brought a few goods on trial, and if they brought us plenty of good furs, and were able to supply us with food, that more goods and more men would be sent next summer, and we would build a large Fort and reside always in their country, and supply them with guns at twenty Beaver each, instead of twenty-five and thirty which they had been giving to other nations, and the same quantity of beads for six Beaver for which they had given the men of the lakes twelve and fifteen." Then "the principal chief . . . walked to the front and *made a speech*, the longest I ever listened to, except, perhaps, a cameronian *sermon*, and some parts of it equally far from the text." After that, "they retired to where the women had prepared an encampment with branches and in a short time issued forth arrayed in all their fineries, and commenced to a regular *Break Down*, all joining. Thirty-seven men and a lot of women and children, only two of whom had before seen the Whites. They danced a variety of figures always accompanied with songs, and continued at it for nearly two hours."

These formalities over, Murray and his men set to work the next day to erect a temporary store, 24x14 feet, built of round logs and roofed with bark. It was completed on the 30th, the goods and provisions stored inside, and Murray pitched his tent right in the doorway to prevent any night prowlers from entering. Close by were the men's cabins, and each man kept his gun loaded, ready for any surprise.

The Indians were particularly interested in Murray's double-barrelled gun, "I also showed them my pistol which I took from my coat pocket, one of which (the only one with a lock) I fired at, and hit, by chance, a stick floating past in the river. They were greatly astonished at this, so were the other Indians, and so was I myself, for it was almost a gunshot distant. One of them offered to bring me fifteen skins in Martens if I would give him the pistol, but he was told that we did not trade them, but kept them only for self defence."

On July 1st, 1847, (just twenty years before the creation of the Dominion of Canada) they set to work building the fort. Most of the men were from the Orkneys, "green hands with axes and could scarcely square a log." Almost all the building wood had to be brought in the *Pioneer* from islands in the Yukon about three-quarters of a mile away, but, says Murray, "having already formed great ideas of the country, I determined on building a Fort worthy of it, we are in an isolated corner of the country and cut off from all communication with other posts at least for assistance, and surrounded by hostile Indians, the Rat Indians are enraged at our being here, the 'Gens-du-fou' reported ditto, also those down the river with whom the Russians have been trading, the Russians themselves might give us battle, and I concluded on making a convenient and substantial Fort, though it might take a longer time."

While the work of building the fort went forward they traded with the Indians, who came to see what was going on. Since the first contact of white men with Canadian Indians, one of the most coveted types of trade goods, from the natives' point of view, has been the white man's clothing. (See Hutchins' report in this issue). But these Yukon Indians were discerning enough to prefer their own. "Blankets, axes, knives, powder horns and files went off readily enough, but it was hard to dispose of the clothing, as they consider their own dresses much superior to ours both in beauty and durability, and they are partly right, although I endeavoured to persuade them to the contrary." The clothing in this case would probably consist of blanket capotes, stroud leggings, and woollen sashes. The Yukon Indians themselves wore summer costumes of moose and caribou skin, ornamented with porcupine quills, dentalium shells, beads and long hair. Their parkis came down to a V fore and aft, and their leggings and moccasins were all of one piece. There was only one band who admired the white man's clothing, and that was the Hawkootchin. "These people, but *these* only seem very fond of our capots," Murray told McPherson. "It would be well to send a respectable supply of 3½ and 4 ell capots, but few or none of a smaller size, white is the colour always demanded,"—presumably for purposes of camouflage.

One day some Indians arrived who ordinarily traded at Fort McPherson.

"They had a few Martens and Beaver, and a large quantity of rat skins notwithstanding they all knew that no rats would be traded here; but these fellows had debts at Peels River which they intended to evade paying, and expected to receive payment for all they brought. I did not wish to encourage any of the Indians to leave Peels River, particularly those that were nearer to it than this, and refused to trade their Musquash, because there were more other furs in the country than I had goods to pay for. They were greatly displeased at this of course, and two of them flung about forty skins (480 rats) into the fire, but they repented of their rashness next day." Murray then observes: "I doubt the Hon. H.B. Co. would pocket very few dimes by the profit of musquash sent to England from the Youcon."

Another day some of the "Gens-du-Fou," who had traded with the Russians lower down, came to the fort. Several of them "became very troublesome and impertinent, handling and asking for everything they saw—one wished to have the carpenters edge, another the tracking line of the boat, and so on, and although they were told not to enter the store two of them stepped over the small barricade while my back was turned, and were examining the loaded guns in my tent, they were again told to go out, which on their refusing to do, I shoved one of them out by the shoulders, and the other followed of his own accord in double quick time." The Indians thereupon warned Murray that they had received the same rough treatment at first from the Russians, but after killing off a few Russians and pillaging one of their forts, they had had no more trouble.

By the end of August the dwelling house was habitable, and all the traders moved into it, setting aside two of the five rooms for goods, furs, and provisions. The store was not finished until October 25. That was all the building they were able to do the first season, but "when the Fort is finished," Murray predicted, "as I hope it will be next fall, I calculate on it being the best and strongest (not excepting Fort Simpson) between Red River and the polar sea."

The proud architect then describes his plans for it:

"The dwelling house is 46x26 feet containing five compartments—a hall in the centre, and office or sitting room and a bed room in one end, assistants room, and kitchen in the other. It is built of well squared 8 inch pine logs, the partitions are also of squared and closely jointed logs, ball proof, and as we had no pickets around in the first season, small loop holes were made on each side of the hall neatly fitted with blocks of wood which can be opened at pleasure from the rooms, and used for musketry in case the Indians should attempt to play us the same trick they did to Mr.

Dance of the Kootcha-Kootchin. Judging by the central figure, the Russian influence had already made itself felt.

Campbell and his party at Dease's Lake. The store is only 40 feet in length at present, but an addition of 16 feet is to be made next season for a fish store, etc. The men's houses will be the same length 56 feet containing three rooms, one of which is intended for a carpenter's shop, etc. A house or shed capable of containing two boats is to be erected at the end of the men's houses and a meat scaffold as at Fort Simpson at the end of the store. The pickets will not be pointed *poles* nor *slabs*, but good sized trees dispossessed of their bark and squared on two sides to fit closely and 14½ feet in height above ground, 3 feet under ground, making a solid wall of 9 or 10 inches at the bottom and 6 or 7 inches at the top, secured together by being morticed into a solid frame along the top, and the same in the foundation. The bastions will be made as strong as possible, roomy and convenient. When all this is finished, the Russians may advance when they d—d please."

Now the danger of Russian "invasion" appeared to be over for the winter. But there was another thorn in Murray's flesh. He had brought with him only a few trade goods, and he was constantly having to refuse furs offered to him, because he had no merchandise left of the types demanded.

Murray therefore "determined on sending to Peels River for a roll of tobacco and some knives to be taken from the year's outfit, as dogs had to be sent at all events to bring the boat rails and other articles indispensable for our spring operations. The men with five dogs and two sleds were dispatched for Lapiers House on November 21st in good time for the letters to reach Peels River before the departure of the usual winter packet."

To make matters worse, some Indians arrived from the Russians, with the news that the latter had a large stock of goods and were trading them at much lower prices than before:

"Last summer they arrived as usual at the same place, the mouth of a large river they descended, which falls into the Youcon, perhaps by the windings of the river, 350 miles below this. They intended to have brought two boats, and proceeded farther up the river, not only to trade with the Indians, but to explore the river to its source. They had not been able to get the necessary boats built, but promised to be better prepared next (this) summer. The boat they had was almost the same size as ours, and made of, which our Indians informant describes as *dressed parchment*, similar to the men's carrying straps which he saw here. Last summer they brought more goods than formerly, principally beads, common and fancy, white, red, and several shades of blue. The common white beads were usually traded higher than with us, of the blue beads a little larger than a garden pea, only *ten* were given for a beaver skin, except kettles, guns, and powder, every other article was higher than with us. Tobacco and snuff were traded very high, also the small shells, [dentalium] some of which you sent me from Ft. Simpson, but I am not aware of their proper name, these are traded in this country 6 and 8 for a beaver or three martens, a box of these shells here would be worth over *two thousand pounds*. Besides the above mentioned articles, the Russians bring to this country blankets, capots, cloth (of the latter two almost none are traded), powder horns, knives, fire steels, files, iron hoops for arrow heads, iron pipes, common arm bands, awls, rings, and small brass coins similar to our old farthing, with which the Indian women fringe their dresses, they bring no regular axes, only a flat piece of steel shaped something like a plane iron, which the Indians fasten to a crooked stick with battiche, and use it as we would an adze, they say, and very likely have, other articles which I have not seen. They have both fine and common guns, but our guns are always preferred to theirs; formerly they brought only sheet iron kettles but last summer I am told they had copper kettles the same as ours."

As soon as the Russians had heard of the Hudson's Bay men's arrival, "Their prices were lowered at once, kettles knocked down from twenty to ten skins each, common guns to ten skins, above a pint of powder given for a measure, and beads and other things, above a half cheaper, and cloth which they cannot dispose of, given for nothing."

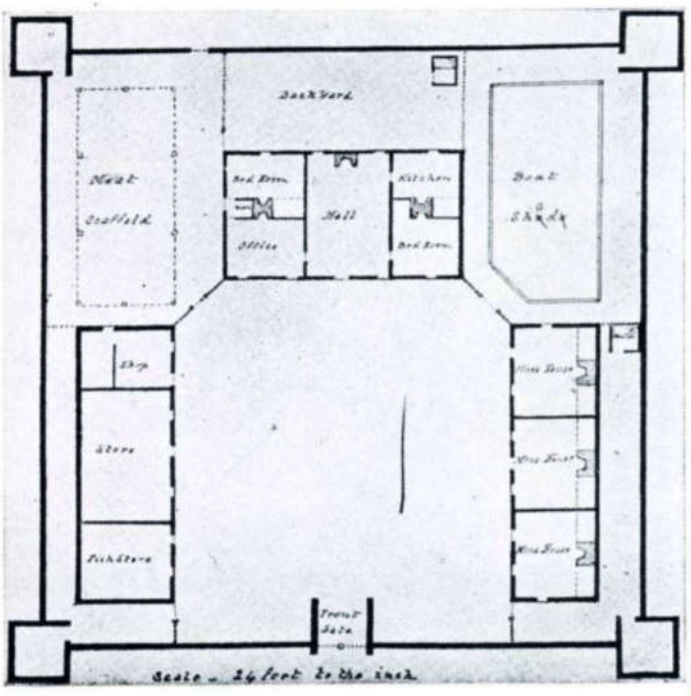
Murray predicts that if the Russian leader really comes to Fort Yukon, as he has promised, "I think it very probable that he will get his head broken for his trouble, but they are the last people I wish to see here, as should they come we will certainly get into a scrape. I have told the Indians here, that, after our building is finished, perhaps next fall, we will go down the river to where the Russians are, and will likely build another Fort there. I circulated this report merely that it might reach the Russians, and perhaps be the means of preventing them from coming farther up the river for the present."

"I have been accustomed," he says elsewhere, "to the strongest kind of opposition while in the south, and would like nothing better, as I love a row, than to have it again, but I should wish also to have the means of competing." He pinned his hopes on getting a good sized outfit for 1848—but he was due for a rude shock.

"I received the outfit by the return of my men from Lapiers House on January 5th," he wrote later, "and must say, that I was greatly mortified to find so limited a supply of the articles most needed (beads and guns) being sent; I noticed that there are only a quarter of a box of beads (16 lbs.). I would have been better satisfied had none at all been sent, as then I could have settled with the Indians alike, without displeasing one more than another. I am now at a loss what to do. There is one man of the upper band who has between 90 and 100 skins in martens and beaver which he is keeping *all* for beads on our return. *Two men* would take more than what are sent, and how am I to settle with 300? I know you could not be aware at the time the outfit was made up of what was required here, and moreover that it requires a certain time too, if you have to depend on goods coming from England, perhaps three years, before an extra supply of goods for this addition to your district is received at Fort Simpson, you might not have had the means to send more, still I did expect at least two boxes of beads and two of guns. Now I have got into a scrape, or at least will get into one on my return; the Indians all expect a larger outfit, I have promised it to them and what excuse can I give? You may ask why did I promise a larger outfit? I answer that I had no other means of preventing them from disposing of their furs to the lower bands, and surely I had a right to expect a larger supply of goods than is sent.

Without beads and plenty of them you can do little or no good here. . . . There is not an Indian here, and very few even at Peels River but wear fancy beads, that is blue and red of various sizes, they cost the Indians nearly double what they pay for the common white beads, all these fancy beads are traded from the Russians, or by the Peels River Indians

Murray's plan of Fort Yukon. The centre building was the first to be erected, and, in the absence of stockades, furnished with loopholes.



Kootchin hunters. The nose ornaments were of dentalium shells. Compare with the Loucheux costume on page 3.

from the 'Gens-du-fou' and natives of this quarter. To trade here successfully, there ought to be for one year's outfit four boxes of common white beads, one box of red (same size) and one box of fancy (blue of various sizes and colors and necklaces), this quantity it will perhaps be difficult to procure at York Factory, but there is a great quantity sent to Red River, there every common woman wears them, the Company may perhaps receive one shilling for each necklace, if they were sent here they would be worth at least 30 shillings each. For the small shells [dentalium], a few of which you sent me at Peels River, they are most valuable, every Indian wears them, as nose and ear ornaments, for hair bands, etc., and a small quantity might be sent annually from the Columbia without a great deal of trouble."

Later on he writes: "Guns and beads, beads and guns is all the cry in *our* country. Please to excuse me for repeating this so often, but I cannot be too importunate, the *rise* or *fall* of our establishment on the Youcon depends principally on the supply of these articles."

Murray could probably have said much more on the subject of the puny outfit—and said it much more picturesquely—if he had not been writing to his chief factor. Ten years before, Robert Campbell had had reason to complain of the same niggardliness on the part of Murdo McPherson, when he spent a terrible winter at Dease Lake. (See the *Beaver*, June 1942, p.6.)

Subsequently, Murray was alarmed to hear from the "Russian" Indians that ten Russians had started out for Fort Yukon in the dead of winter, but had returned on account of the intense cold. Moreover, they were bringing a cannon across the "new portage"! "Well," says the Scotsman resignedly, "the Russians are to be here, and with a *cannon*, and I suppose with the intention of blowing us all to——."

On May 26, the ice was still firm in the Porcupine, but on June 5, Murray set out for La Pierre's House, leaving McKenzie and four men at the fort. They had already built two boats that spring, thirty feet eight inches along the keel and nine feet wide. The pickets for the fort were all cut and squared, and Murray notes with pride that "they are the strongest pickets in the country." Their larder was also well stocked with provisions.

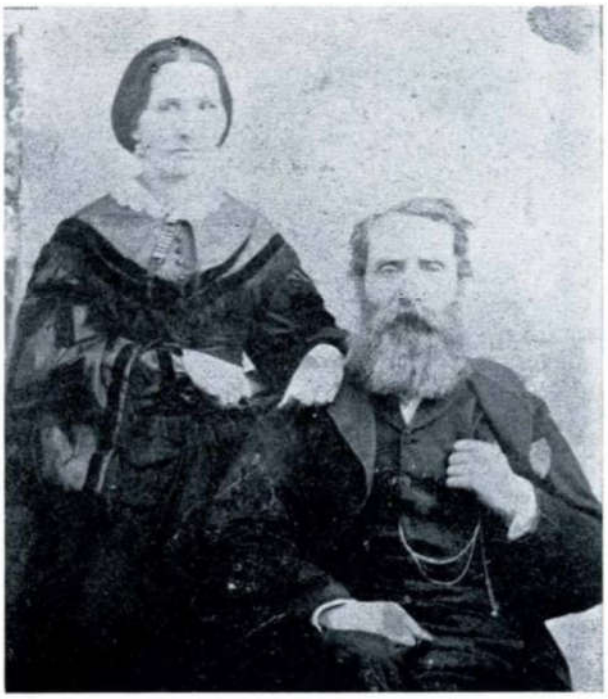
On the way to La Pierre's House, Murray had a final and ominous word to say about his Asiatic rivals: "It is my firm belief that we shall see the Russians this summer, they have been making every preparation on the *portage* to descend the river. The more I think on this subject I am at the greater loss how I shall act, but I hope to receive full instructions from you. They may order us to leave the country, perhaps try to force us from it should we persist in remaining, and I should be very sorry to involve the Company in any difficulty with our Russian neighbours. But I only received orders to establish a post in the Youcon, which is done, nothing was said concerning the Russians trade or territory, and it is my private determination to keep good our footing until decisive instructions are received."

All his anxiety and fears, however, proved groundless, for not until 1863 did the first Russian trader, I. S. Lukeen, succeed in penetrating as far inland as Fort Yukon. Russian America was sold to the United States four years later, and in 1869, a representative of the U.S. Government served notice on the Hudson's Bay factor to vacate the buildings. The Company therefore traded for twenty-two consecutive years at this, the most westerly fur trading post in its history.

As for Murray's subsequent service, he apparently returned to Fort Yukon in 1848, taking his wife with him from La Pierre's House. Three years later, Robert Campbell made his historic voyage down the Yukon from Fort Selkirk, and arrived at Fort Yukon to find W. L. Hardisty in charge, and Murray and his family en route to La Pierre's House. He overtook them the next day, and together they travelled to Fort McPherson and up the Mackenzie to Fort Simpson.

Murray and his family spent the winter there, and in the spring set out for Fort Garry. While there, tradition relates, he sketched on the back of an envelope a design for the stone gate which is now all that remains of Upper Fort Garry. His next charges, in order of succession, were Fort Pembina, Rainy Lake, Swan River, Georgetown, and Lower Fort Garry. In 1856 he had been given his commission as chief trader, and in 1867 he retired, to spend the remaining seven years of his life not far from the Lower Fort.

Chief Trader and Mrs. A. H. Murray. Reproduced from what is probably the only photograph of him in existence.



PAGEANTRY at YORK FORT

by Thomas Hutchins

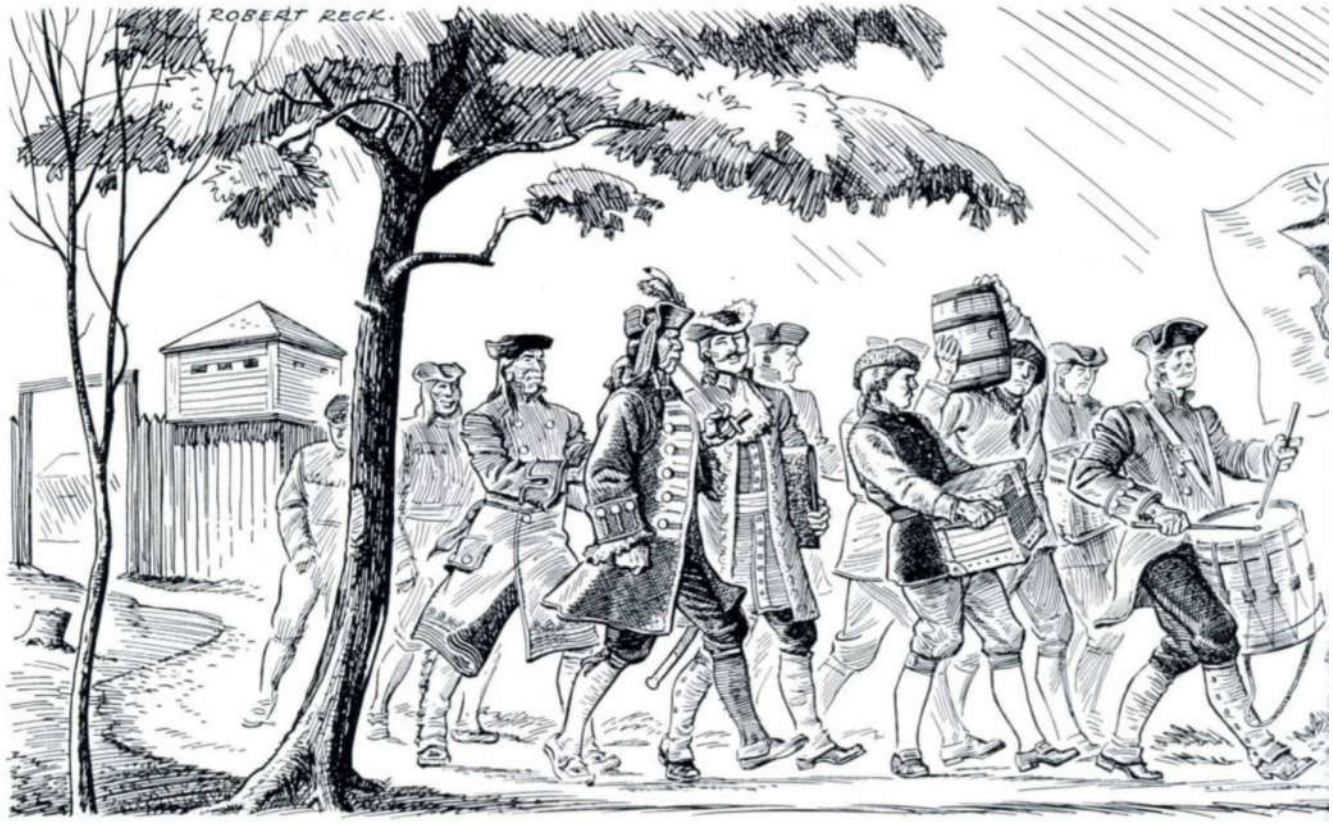
An eye-witness account of the trading ceremony which was staged at York Factory in the 1770's

THERE are Indians always coming to the Factories, but the main body which make up the bulk of the trade come down in the months of June and July, and as the standard of trade is fixed the same at all the Settlements, and the ceremonies used during their stay on the plantation are similar everywhere; I shall describe the method pursued at York Fort, as that is the capital place in Hudson's Bay; importing as many furs into England as all the other settlements belonging to the Company.

In the month of March the foreign or upland Indians assemble on the banks of a particular river agreed upon by common consent before they seperated for the winter. Here they build their canoes which are compleated very soon after the river ice breaks up; they then begin their voyage without any regularity, but all driving to be foremost because of the greater prospect of procuring provisions by the way, for without such assistance the stock of dried meat, fat &c which they bring with them would not be sufficient for their subsistance. During the voyage each Leader is canvassing with all imaginable art and earnestness for people to join his gang; and influences some by presents, others by promises; for the more canoes under his command the greater he appears at the Factory.

Being now come within two miles of their journey's end a point of land prevents their being seen by the English; here, they all put ashore; the women go into the woods to get pine-brush for their tents bottoms, while the Leaders smoak together and regulate the procession. This being settled they reimbark and soon after appear in sight of the Fort to the number of between ten and fifty in a line abreast of each other; if there is but one Captain his station is in the center, but if more they are in the wings also, and their canoes are distinguished from the rest by a small St. George or union Jack hoisted on a stick placed in the stern of the vessel; at the distance of four or five hundred yards is another fleet marshalled in the same order; others behind them, and so on until they are all come; Several fowling-pieces are discharged from the canoes to salute the Fort, and the compliment is returned by four small cannon for each division, the great flag flying during the trade. The Captains never concern themselves in taking out their bundles, but the other men will assist their wives in bringing the canoes up the bank. The women set about pitching the tent while

"Then comes the Captain walking quite erect and stately smoaking his pipe and conversing with the Governor and his Officers."



the Captains are in the Factory. The flags are sometimes placed upon the top of the tent, at other times upon the merlons of the battory.

The Governor being informed what Leaders are arrived sends the Trader out to introduce them singly, or two or three at a time, together with their Lieutenants, which are usually eldest sons or nighest relations. Chairs are placed in the room and pipes with smoaking materials produced on the table; the Captains place themselves on each side the Governor, but not a word proceeds from either party until every one has recruited his spirits with a full pipe; the silence is then broken by degrees by the most venerable Indian, his head bowed down, and eyes immovably fixed on the floor, or other object. He tells how many canoes he has brought, what kind of winter they have had, what Indians he has seen coming, or staying behind; asks how the Englishmen do, and says he is glad to see them; after which, the Governor bids him welcome, tells him he has good goods, and plenty, and that he loves the Indians, and will be kind to them; the pipe is by this time renewed, and the conversation becomes free, easy, and general. During this visit he [the chief] is dressed out in the following manner.

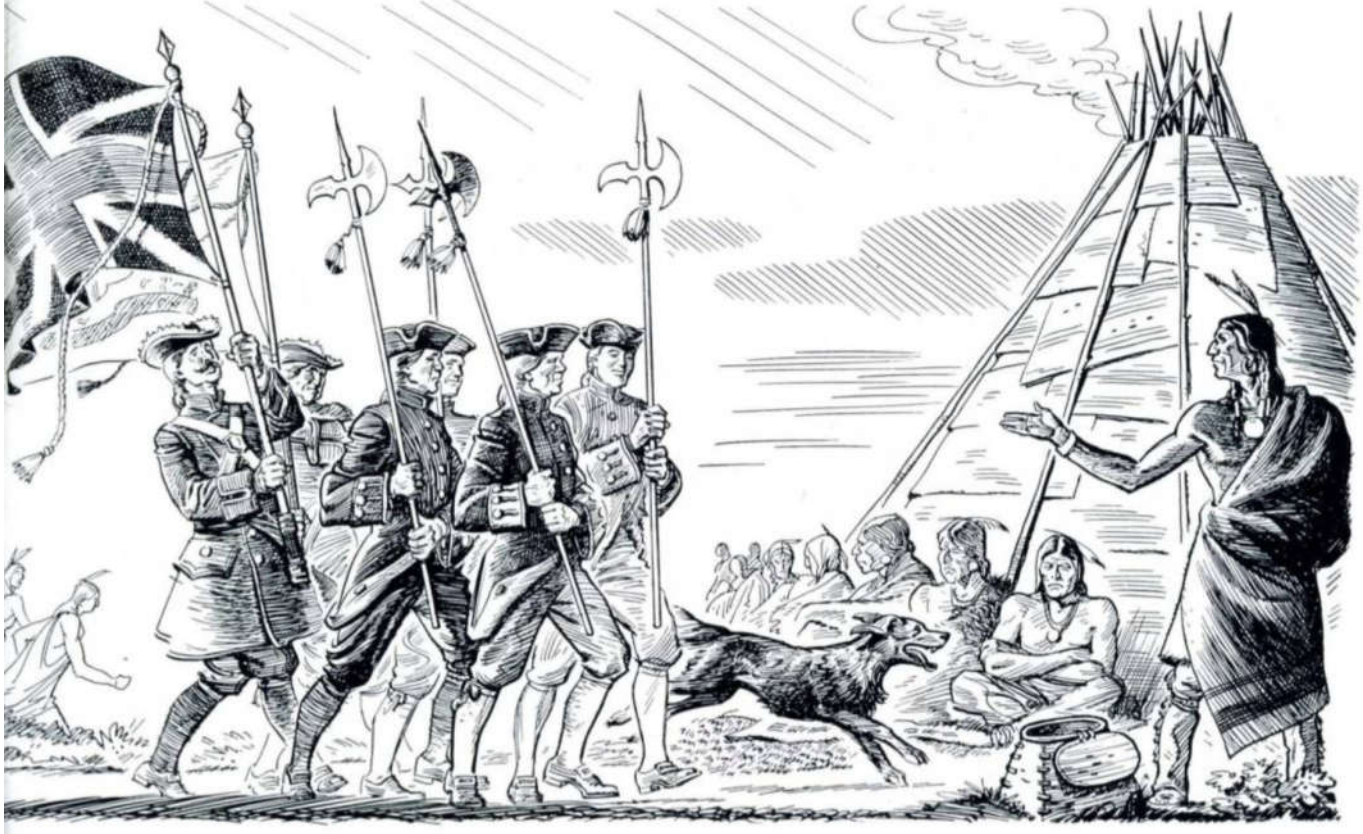
A coarse cloth coat either red or blue lined with bays [baize] with regimental cuffs and collar; the waistcoat and breeches are of bays; the suit ornamented with broad and narrow orrice lace of different colours. He is also presented with a white or checkered shirt which is tied at the wrists by worsted lace; the stockings are of yarn; one of them red, the other blue, and tied below the knee with worsted garters; his Indian shoes are sometimes put on, but very often he walks in his stocking feet. The hat is coarse, but bedecked with three dyed feathers of various colours; a worsted sash tied round the crown, and end hanging out on each side down to the shoulders, a small silk handkerchief is tucked by a corner into the loops behind; with these decorations it is put on the Captains head and compleats his dress.

The Lieutenant is presented also with a coat, but without lining and less ornamented with lace; he has also a shirt given him, and a laced cloth cap not unlike those wore by marines.

The guests being now equipped, a basket of bread and prunes is brought and set before the Captain who takes care to fill his pockets with them before it goes out to be shared in his tent together with a two gallon rundlet [barrel] of brandy and several pipes & a fathom or two of tobacco. The Lieutenant has one gallon rundlet of brandy.

Every thing being prepared he is conducted to his tent with a procession; in the front are the halberts and ensigns, next to the drummer beating a march; then several of the Factory Servants bearing the bread, and prunes, pipes, brandy, tobacco, and the beaver coats of the chief, which he had on when admitted into the Factory. Then comes the Captain walking quite erect and stately smoaking his pipe and conversing with the Governor and his Officers; then follow the Lieutenant and perhaps a friend or two who was permitted to come in with the Chief. The tent is all ready for their reception and clean birch-rind or beaver coats are placed for them to sit on, and here the prunes tobacco &c are deposited, and the Chief takes his station and making a speech to his comrades orders the Lieutenant or some respectable person to distribute the things. . . .

"In the front are the halberts and ensigns, next to the drummer beating a march."



The trading room window is now opened, and the men and women resort hither continually to purchase brandy. They sing, dance, cry, and quarrel for two or three days: at eight o'clock in the evening the drum is beat upon the works to give notice the trading room is going to be shut, and the same again at five in the morning as a signal that attendance is given at the window for those who choose to trade: This window is in the trading room in the south curtain accessible only by a boarded passage railed in from the outer works so that all other communication with the Factory is excluded. . . .

After having given a loose to their pleasure they begin to compose themselves and proceed to business, for hitherto they have traded nothing but brandy: the league of friendship must be renewed by smoaking the Calimut [Calumet], and the guns, tobacco, and other goods are to be viewed, and the measures examined before any thing else is purchased; in order to this the Captain collects the puc ca tin ash awin which is a collection of a skin or two from each man to form a present for the Governor: As the ceremony of smoaking the Calimut is necessary to establish a confidence, it is conducted with the greatest solemnity. . . .

The Captain walks in with his calimut in his hand covered with a case, then comes the Lieutenant, and the wives of the Captain with the present, and afterwards all the other men with the women and their little ones. The Governor is generally dressed after the English fashion, & receives them with cordiality and good humour. The Captain covers the table with a new beaver coat, and on it lays the calimut or pipe, he will also sometimes present the Governor with a clean beaver toggy or banyan to keep him warm in the winter: the Puc ca tin ash a win is also presented. Then the Governor sits down in an arm chair, the Captain and chief men on either hand in chairs; the others sit around on the floor; the women and children are placed behind and a profound silence ensues.

The Calimut being lighted the Governor, a servant holding the bowl, and applying the fire; it is pointed towards the East; South, West, and North parts of the hemesphere, also to the Zenith and Nadir: every man takes a certain number of whiffs as fixed by the owner of the pipe, and thus it passes round the circle: when out, is delivered again to the Governor who repeats the manoeuvres as when he lighted it, at which all the men pronounce the monosylable Ho! which is expressive of thanks. The women never touch the Calimut, but smoak the common pipes as usual. A respectful silence again reigns for a few moments and then the Captain makes his speech in a low voice at first, but rises as he proceeds, his hands are placed on his knees, and head hung down; after he has ended, the Chief makes a reply; and then the measures for powder, shot, cloth, and tobacco are produced and examined, and thus ends the ceremony.

Baskets of bread and prunes are brought and distributed amongst them all, (men women and children) and then the whole company depart to their tents except the Captain and those men who are intending to purchase guns who remain behind to examine them which they are very curious about as indeed they ought; for the preservation of their families often depend on their goodness; having each made choice of one, a label is affixed, on which the person puts his mark. The tobacco is then examined as to the thickness of the role together with the moisture and blackness.

The Captains are frequently invited to breakfast or dinner with the Governor, and council; and at such times their discreet and pretty behaviour is very laudable: they are it is true very awkward, but it would be ungenerous to tax them with that as a fault which they never had an opportunity of amending.

Whilst any tribe or tent is trading their Captain is admitted into the trading room to satisfy them that every thing is measured fair and that they have their due; he frequently talks to them out of the window, receives the furrs, and carries the goods in exchange now and then to show his familiarity, and consequence with the English: what a pity it is, that pride which makes him aspire to be thought great cannot deter him from actions which must degrade him even in the sight of those Europeans by whom he wishes to be respected; for while he walks about in the trading-room under the sanction of good faith and confidence he does not scruple to purloine a hatchet, knife, or other article; and if observed it is taken from him with a smile, and without the least expostulation at the time, or recrimination afterwards. Should the Governor come into the trading room he will cut off a foot or two of tobacco and put it into the Captain's pocket, at the same time shaking hands and talking familiarly with him as if he was as honest a man as ever breathed. These Captains with a confident or two are admitted into the factory to trade their goods, and they are the fonder of this distinction as it is not allowed to the others. The major part of the Indians are traded and gone in fourteen or sixteen days.

The Captain and several others are Doctors, and are taken singly with their wives into a room where they are given a red leather trunk with a few simple medicines such as the powder of sulpher, bark, liquorice, camphorated spirit, white ointment, and basilicon, with a bit of diachylon plaister; the use of every thing is explained, and the women are bid to remember, and indeed their memories are very tenacious: A picture is generally put up with the things for it is held in great reverence & thought to add to the efficacy of the remedies.

On these occasions the Captain receives parting presents, which consists of a new gun, two gallon rundlet of brandy, four fathom of brazile tobacco, cloth, smoke, sleeves, and stockings for the favourite wife, with beads and several other articles. The calimut is also presented, and its length of tobacco returned; after which it is laid up by the Governor if the Indian chuses; otherwise he takes it with him. Notwithstanding the kind treatment they meet with and the many indulgencies they are shewn yet there is no end to their craving; when they are going away they remind each other what to ask, and no sooner is one thing given but another is requested until they know not what more is wanted. Besides all this which belongs to the Captain only, there is a return to be made for the puc ca tin ash a win which though given as a present yet is only a mere form of kindness, because it is expected to be paid for, and as it belongs to the whole gang; brandy and tobacco being the articles returned for it, the Governor always greatly exceeds its value as a mark of his approbation of their conduct, and to encourage them to come down again next year. . . .

The Indians are used with the greatest kindness and familiarity, their wants supplyed when in necessity, and neither provisions nor trading goods are spared on these occasions, and every method is used as far as prudence will admit to conciliate their affections.

Small World

How B. K. Antonopulo & Brother of Greece ever came to hear of Fort Chimo, we shall never know. But the fact remains that the Hudson's Bay post manager there received a letter from them written last December in Athens, and addressed to "The Secretary, Chamber of Commerce, Fort Chimo, Labrador."

The letter pointed out that the Antonopulos were exporters of sultanas, currants, dried fumigated figs, carobs, almonds, etc., and that they controlled the largest and oldest wine company in Greece, "producer of the world famed Mavrodaphne wine" (which, we have no doubt, tastes as good as it sounds). And it went on to ask the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce if he would send them, not only a list of importers in the Fort Chimo area who would be interested in handling their products, but also a list of exporters who would forward the products of Labrador to Greece.

At this point we should perhaps mention that Fort Chimo is a Hudson's Bay post and R.C.M.P. detachment on the Koksoak River in far northern Quebec, about twenty-five miles inland from Ungava Bay, and that the nearest centres of population are two other H B posts, each about one hundred miles distant in an airline. During the war, however, there was a large American airbase some five miles upstream, and we can only surmise that some joker who was once stationed there met Mr. Antonopulo in Athens, and suggested Chimo as a good place to do business.

Hall of Fame

It is a striking fact that the two men chosen to represent the State of Oregon in Statuary Hall, Washington, D.C., were both Canadians by birth—Dr. John McLoughlin and Rev. Jason Lee. We quote from the *Oregon Historical Quarterly* for March:

"Statues of Dr. John McLoughlin and the Rev. Jason Lee are soon to stand in Statuary Hall, in the Federal Capitol at Washington, D.C., as Oregon's representatives among the nation's great men and women. In 1864 congress authorized the president to invite each state to provide statues in marble or bronze of two citizens "illustrious for their historic renown or distinguished civil or military service." The Oregon legislature of 1921 adopted a resolution favoring the selection of McLoughlin and Lee, but nothing came of it. The matter rested until 1945 when the legislature appointed a committee authorized to "obtain and have installed in Statuary Hall statues of Oregon citizens." The committee decided the choices of 1921 should stand. Currently the two sculptors, A. Phimister Proctor and his son Gifford Proctor are engaged in executing the statues."

Those of our readers who received the 1941 calendar of the Hudson's Bay Company may remember that the picture showed McLoughlin welcoming Lee at Fort Vancouver in 1834. Lee and his followers were the first settlers to come from the United States, far to the east—the vanguard of the great army of immigrants that was one day to populate the Oregon, and by sheer weight of numbers drive the Big Doctor's company north of the 49th parallel.

Contributors

H. G. DEIGNAN, Ph.D., is associate curator, division of birds, at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington. . . . THOMAS HUTCHINS was employed at Fort York and Albany (where he was governor) from 1766 to 1782. He subsequently was secretary of the Company in London until his death in 1790. . . . MISS CONSTANCE JAMES is a Winnipeg free lance writer. . . . J. L. JOHNSTON is librarian of Manitoba's Provincial Library. . . . CLIFFORD R. KOPAS runs a photograph and gift shop at Bella Coola, B.C. . . . Miss ELIZA MCLEAN was the second daughter of Chief Trader and Mrs. W. J. McLean, a granddaughter of Chief Trader Alexander Hunter Murray and a great-granddaughter of Chief Trader Colin Campbell. . . . W. L. MORTON is associate professor of history at the University of Manitoba. . . . GRACE LEE NUTE, Ph.D., is research associate on the staff of the Minnesota Historical Society, and an authority on the voyageurs, as her book on them shows. . . . JOHN OLMSTED and ORWIN RUSTAD are both on the staff of the department of botany at the University of Minnesota. . . . R. M. PATTERSON is an Oxford man who has done a good deal of farming and ranching and travelling in Alberta and B.C., and likes nothing better than "going on a trip, anywhere and at any time." . . . Vice-Admiral W. J. S. PULLEN, R.N., spent most of the years 1849-53 on Arctic expeditions in search of Sir John Franklin and his party. His account was written in 1882, during his retirement. . . . Canon J. H. WEBSTER is in charge of the Anglican mission at Coppermine, and is already known to *Beaver* readers for his excellent Arctic photographs. . . . CLIFFORD WILSON is editor of this magazine.

Tie-ups

After reading Vice-Admiral Pullen's account of his Mackenzie River experiences in this issue and the last, it is interesting to turn to a letter written by Augustus R. Peers, post manager at Peel's River (Fort McPherson) in those days, to William MacTavish at York Factory. The letter, dated April 15, 1851, also ties up with Murray's account of his Yukon adventures. Here are some extracts from it:

"If you are at York you will see the *Tars* down by L'Esperance. I assure you they are most heartily tired of *R* [Mackenzie River district] & the never ceasing diet of hung fish & hard tack. You know, Hooper left a large lot of Preserved Meats the fall they arrived, which I *of course devoured*, many & many's the sigh Pullen gave for his Flesh Pots this summer. I know very little of either only they always bear in mind they are *Royal Navvies* & of course think according.

"You will have heard of the bloody murder of Four Esquimaux by my Louchoux last spring. My men from Good Hope in June fell in with a party of Louchoux & at Point Separation they came rather unexpectedly on 8 Esquimaux who appear to have been hiding among the shore ice. The Indians & men numbered about 20. The Louchoux traded almost all the E arrows merely to disarm them & then when the dancing etc. grew stale commenced firing on the E. Four fell flat at the first voley. Two got into their Canoes & made off (the two others having quitted before the fun began) one of them got a ball thro his wrist. My Steersman Hebert dit Manuel fired 3 rounds at these two. Neil McKay did all in his power to prevent bloodshed. Pullen was there on the way down to the sea but did not hear of it till his second visit here during my absence on his return. I met him below Good Hope & I guess he *did* yarn about it & gave Manuel a blowing up. He has since written to the Admiralty about it & other matters & as he is no friend to the Co. you may be sure he has buttered the cake well. You may therefore expect to see the thing in print ere long. I sent Manuel's & McKay's depositions to Mr. Bell & he has he says forwarded them to the Governor. Whether anything will be done to Manuel remains to be seen. Those same Esquimaux are noted rascals, I hear they say there is no pardon for us *now*. They had better keep off then. . . .

"Mr. Murray quits the Youcon this summer & will be succeeded by Mr. Hardisty. They have but poor prospects in the fur line there this year. We hear no more rumours about Russians & Cannon."

The Manuel referred to in this letter was in all probability the man whom Murray took along on his trip from Fort McPherson to La Pierre's House, and who appears in the sketch on page 39. Whether anything *was* done to him, we do not know. But at this distance it seems that Peers underestimated the generous feelings of the future admiral—as witness the latter's remarks on page 25 about the kindness and goodwill of Company men.

Interesting "tie-ups" are also to be found between other articles in this issue. Note, for instance, the similarity between Murray's sketches of the Kootchin and the costumes collected for the Smithsonian from the adjoining Loucheux. The botanists' account of York Factory certainly becomes more interesting when it is read in conjunction with Hutchins' "Observations." And we even have a family connection between two of the articles. Miss McLean was Alexander Hunter Murray's granddaughter, his daughter Helen having married W. J. McLean.

BOOK REVIEWS

COLONY TO NATION: A History of Canada, by A. R. M. Lower, with maps by T. W. McLean. Longmans, Green & Company, Toronto, 1946. 600 pages.

THAT this book is by Dr. Lower, that it has been awarded the Governor-General's prize for academic non-fiction for 1947, is sufficient recommendation, yet the homely fact that this reviewer's personal copy is already broken-backed and thumb-soiled by eager borrowers is also a convincing recommendation. No student of Canadian History can, no Canadian should, be without a copy of this brilliant and vital book.

Colony to Nation is an interpretative history of Canada, done in the grand manner. No longer may Canadian history be termed dull, or thought insignificant, even by Canadians. To a command of recent studies in Canadian history, to great gifts of narrative and style, Dr. Lower has added the philosophic imagination and trained intuition of the mature historian. He presents a unified and monumental account of the development of Canada from the Norse voyages to the late war. This interpretation is achieved by finding the central theme of Canadian history in the efforts of both French and English to realize the economic and political potentialities of the St. Lawrence River. Thus the two cultural communities of Canada were committed by the accidents of history, by the strong compulsions of geography and economies, to a common destiny. With this approach Dr. Lower places himself among the historians of the Laurentian school, of whom H. A. Innis and D. G. Creighton are distinguished proponents, and whose work is a criticism of the over-emphasis on the continental pulls and diversive factors of race and creed of such writers as A. Siegfried.

Yet *Colony to Nation* is by no means an essay in economic determinism, but deals sympathetically and imaginatively with the clash of cultures in Canada. Equally stimulating, but not so sympathetic, is the treatment of the conflict, in English Canada, of privilege, bound up with the status of colony, and the social equalitarianism of the frontier. Dr. Lower, indeed, betrays a certain asperity in these passages

which, for this reviewer, somewhat mars the tone of the book.

The author's preoccupation with the theme of Laurentian metropolitanism, the recurrent centring of Canadian economic and political life on Montreal and Toronto, however, leads him to subordinate to that theme his treatment of western history, and notably that of the Hudson's Bay Company. In the great contest between the Hudson's Bay and North West Companies, it is the latter which evokes the stirring sentence, the vivid phrase; it is not that Dr. Lower is unjust to the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, but simply that it is peripheral to his treatment of Canadian history.

On the other hand, the history of the fur trade as a whole gains much from the broad treatment, the strategic oversight, with which Dr. Lower marshals all the facts in play at any one time over the sweep of the continent. And surely no one has come closer to the toil and sweat of the fur trade than Dr. Lower does in the following sentence from page 132: "One hundred and eighty pounds a man over a portage, twenty hours travelling a day if necessary, salt pork, corn-meal, dried peas and pemmican, infinite strong tobacco, these were the pillars of internal exploitation." The sentence has the compact packing, the swift rhythm, the surge and glide, of the six-fathom canoe itself. And Hudson's Bay men will like this: ". . . the Hudson's Bay man does not exist who is not as loyal to the Company as a Jesuit to his order."

It is painful, in conclusion, to have to allude to the typographical errors and faults of editing, too numerous to list, that mar this book. One can only record one's surprise that the publishers, whatever the pressure on Canadian scholarship and the trade these days, should have published it as it stands. These, however, are matters the inevitable second edition will correct. Mr. T. W. McLean is to be complimented on the clear and simple maps, and Miss B. King on the many useful charts and diagrams.—*W. L. Morton.*

I REMEMBER, by W. A. Griesbach, Ryerson Press, Toronto, 1946. 353 Pages.

THE author of this book was born in 1878 at Fort Qu'Appelle. His father was an inspector with the N.W.M.P., and having been the first to sign up, had the honour of being No. 1 in that famous force. His mother came from Ontario, of Irish parents. Born as he was into the Force, only five years after its formation, young Griesbach had a most unusual and interesting boyhood.

"I retain clearly in my mind," he writes, "the picture of Sioux Indians coming to Fort Qu'Appelle in 1882, who were magnificently dressed in white elk-skin, who carried themselves proudly with no suggestion of subservience or humility." Those were the days when there were still some buffalo left, and when the Red River carts were still widely used. He gives a most enlightening description, on pages 32-3, of the making of one of these remarkable vehicles, and tells us how the oxen which drew them were shod, by pulling their feet through the spokes of the wheels. It is only when he branches off into history before his time that his statements become misleading.

The book is rich in humorous anecdotes. Some are already familiar, but Senator Griesbach may have traced them to their origin. It is of a lusty, brawling West that he writes, and his humour suits the mood perfectly. He tells with skill and relish of the curious use to which the Winnipeg *Free Press* was put by an amateur horse doctor; of the new J.P. who was all for sentencing a man to death for "piracy" on the Belly River; or the nefarious practices of the railway conductors when dealing with passengers who had omitted to buy their tickets; of the effective treatment given by a half-breed scout to an obnoxious steer; the Queen's Jubilee celebration at Edmonton, when the fireworks went off by mistake and thereby established a tradition; the cavalier treatment accorded to citizens who refused to help the volunteer fire department; and the unorthodox dental practices of the blacksmith at St. Albert Mission.

At the age of thirteen, young Griesbach was sent to boarding school at St. John's College School in Winnipeg, where he was a contemporary of the present headmaster. He draws a memorable word-picture of gigantic, red-bearded Archbishop Machray, and gives some excellent character sketches of some of the masters—notably the illogical Paddy O'Meara, who during one of his flights of oratory from the pulpit, declared that "down the trackless ages of the past, we can see the footprints of an unseen hand."

A good part of the book deals with the author's adventures in the Boer War: but for readers of the *Beaver* the more interesting part is certainly that which deals with the early West. There are very few men left who remember it, and can write about it, as vividly as the late Major-General Griesbach.—*C.W.*

THIRD CROSSING, by Margaret Morton Fahrni and W. L. Morton, Advocate Printers, Winnipeg, 1946. 118 pages.

THIRD Crossing is the story of the first quarter century of the town of Gladstone and region in Manitoba, located where the North Saskatchewan Trail crossed the White Mud River for the third time, as the trail wended its oxcart fur supply route from the fur trading capital of Fort Garry (Winnipeg) to Edmonton House and beyond. This is where Alexander Henry the Younger sat in his tent in the autumn of 1799 and wrote the lines that open his published journal. This is the frontier region that seventy-two years later was selected for home sites by the pioneers from the counties of Bruce, Grey, Huron and Lanark of old Ontario. This is the site of the first agricultural settlement west of the historic Red River Settlements of the fur trade and of Lord Selkirk's colonization scheme.

The authors, Professor W. L. Morton of the Faculty of History of the University of Manitoba, and his sister, Mrs. Margaret Morton Fahrni, are the third generation of the first settlement; and in writing this history of their home communities have served three objectives: first, they have told a story to bring nostalgic memories to the survivors of the region and

maintain essential traditions for the succeeding generations; secondly, the story of a pioneer western Canadian settlement is expressed in historic perspective against all the regional and national economic, political and social background prevailing in the period; and thirdly, in combining these purposes have successfully established a pattern or guide for similar histories of our western communities.

Their research has brought to light the personality and accomplishments of a previously too little known character of Manitoba's early days. In the transition of the fur trade to that of a settled agricultural economy Corydon P. Brown provided dynamic and imaginative leadership in creating business and financial establishments, transportation and government.

Wise selection has been made from personal correspondence, diaries, interviews, business and local and provincial government records, supplemented by the reading of weekly and daily newspapers issued in Manitoba from 1859 to 1896. Rich resources of colourful writing, handled by authorities trained in the selection of primary source material, make this volume conspicuous in the field of regional historical writing. It serves well the need of the participants in the pioneer developments of Western Canada and provides an interpretation of the forces that moulded the earliest settlements within our Canadian economy in the transition from fur to wheat.—*J. L. Johnston.*

IGLOO FOR THE NIGHT, by Mrs. Tom Manning. University of Toronto Press—Reginald Saunders, Toronto, 1946. 232 pages.

THIS unique story of a woman's travels for two and a half years in the Arctic was favourably reviewed in the December 1944 *Beaver*. At that time it was unobtainable on this side of the Atlantic, having been published only in England, and soon disposed of. It is now obtainable, however, in Canada and the United States, from the above named publishers.

WAY OF THE WILDERNESS, by Calvin Rutstrum. Burgess Publishing Company, Minneapolis, 1946. 192 pages.

THIS is a most interesting and instructive booklet. For those who have travelled in the wild places, it will provide new tips and ideas, and for those who plan to travel it is an invaluable guide. And the book itself is all ready to travel with you, for, in his thorough manner, the author has provided it with waterproof covers and an attractive waterproof "wilderness" container or pouch.

The most interesting and complete part of the guide book is that dealing with canoe travel, and it is here that the author is most at home. It is evident he has received a number of tips from the original canoe man—the Red Indian—and indeed he gives generous acknowledgement to his Cree friends living in "the silent places" of Northern Canada. The list of canoe parts is most instructive for the beginner, and we find that the author has well and carefully stressed the simple, but nevertheless important fundamentals. One such is that standing in a canoe is a "don't" in general and a "must not" in the wilderness. Very wisely too, caution and careful judgment is stressed in dealing with rapids. The author points out that he has seen old and experienced canoe men make portages around rapids that seemed no great risk to run. And, dealing with outboard motors, this reviewer offers a hearty "amen" to the author's statement that, "Where there is a love for the silent places, this trip-hammer of noise, abominable odor, haunting mess and load at every portage should be avoided."

There are shorter sections dealing with wilderness travel by pack animals, dog teams, toboggans, airplanes and afoot. It is interesting to note that the author still considers there is a place for the individual toboggan, particularly for overhauling the trap-line. He points out that a man can haul his own weight on his own toboggan and still make practical progress. The toboggan is a great advantage in deep snow areas for it obviates the need for dogs and all the extra work this entails, not to mention the extra weight of their food. This reviewer, however, cannot endorse the three-man toboggan combination—two hauling and one pushing—as recommended by the author. The breast-strap method of hauling, we believe, makes the toboggan essentially a one-man vehicle, and we are convinced that three men, each with his own toboggan, will haul more than three men with one toboggan as described in the book.

One place, however, where the author goes sadly astray, is in his discussion of the north magnetic pole. "In 1831," he says, it was "fixed on Boothia Peninsula in Northertn Canada, by John Ross, a British explorer. In May 1945 the American Wing Commander, D. C. McKinley, corrected this error and fixed the Magnetic Pole on Prince of Wales Island, 300 miles north-northwest of the site fixed by Ross."

Mr. Rutstrum is evidently unaware that the north magnetic pole keeps moving. James (not John) Ross was probably quite correct in fixing it where he did. Amundsen in 1904 fixed it about forty miles northeast of Ross's position. Now Dr. R. G. Madill, chief of the magnetic division at the Dominion observatory, calculates from the latest data that it is on Somerset Island at lat. 73° 15′ N. and long. 94° 30′ W.—about 200 miles north of Amundsen's fix. Incidentally, W/C McKinley was captain of the R.A.F. aircraft *Aries*.

There is a very useful section on wilderness camp equipment and procedures where, we note with interest, that all-purpose Indian implement, the crooked knife (obtainable only at H B C stores, says the author), is accorded the importance it deserves. The check lists of camp and personal equipment are invaluable for the beginner. In the section on wilderness foods, cooking, recipes and menus, the good old bannock is not overlooked, which is as it should be, for many a fur trader has travelled many a weary mile with little sustenance other than the humble bannock.

A useful volume indeed and provided with a comprehensive index. Perhaps too elaborate for the fur trade wilderness traveller of other days, but eminently suited to the present-day seeker of recreation in the quiet places of our great north country.—*J.W.A.*

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